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#### CONTENTS.

PAGE	PAG
EVENTS OF THE WEEK 897	"The Wesleyan New
POLITICS AND APPAIRS: Should Sir Edward Carson be Prosecuted? 900 The Meaning of the Strikes 901 Kidnapping by Order 902 The Trade Boards Act in Practice 904	Year "—and After. By Arnold Stephens 91 Conscription in New Zealand. By W. Steadman Aldis 91 Some Ideas of Monarchs. By the Author of "King Edward in his True
A LONDON DIARY. By A Wayfarer 905	Mr. Chesterton and Blake.
LIFE AND LETTERS:  To the Holy City 907 "Something going on" 908 Hyper-physical Science.	By Arthur Hood 91 "Old Virginia." By the Princess Pierre Trou- betzkey 91 "The Olympic Games."
By Sir Ronald Ross, K.C.B 909 SMORT STUDIES:— Happiness. By Elizabeth	By S. P. B. Mais 91 The Unmarried Mother and her Child. By H. Maud Gamble, &c 91
Robins Pennell 910	POETRY:-
A Tragedy of Pity. By H. W. M 911	Poems of Solitude. By Rabindranath Tagore 91
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR :-	THE WORLD OF BOOKS 91
Liberal Women and the Vote. By Lady Courtney of Penwith 912 Armaments and Peace. By Fax 912 The Experimental Drowning of Dogs. By Stephen	REVIEWS:— Trollops
Coleridge and W. M.	THE WREE IN THE CITY. By

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# Events of the Meek.

It is expected that the peace which concludes the second war between Turkey and Bulgaria will be signed this week-end. An agreement as to the new frontier has at last been reached by the delegates conferring within the Sublime Porte, but it is an agreement by which Bulgaria loses and Turkey wins almost every point. The Enos-Midia line, arranged by the Treaty of London, is now entirely abandoned, except, indeed, that the new frontier starts from Enos, at the mouth of the Maritza. After following the course of the river and railway to the bend eastward at Mandra station, it keeps due north, leaving the important position of Demotika well on the Turkish side, and crossing the Arda some fifteen miles west of Adrianople, reaches the Maritza again at Kadikeni, which was the Bulgarian advanced base for the siege of Adrianople in the first war. Thence it turns north-east, and, having for some distance coincided with the former frontier, so as to leave Kirk Kilissé far inside Turkish territory, it runs out to the Black Sea at Sveti Stefan (St. Stephen's), about half-way between Midia and the old frontier's termination.

Thus Turkey recovers the three vital points of Adrianople, Kirk Kilissé, and Demotika, besides the scenes of all the great Bulgarian victories during the first war. Lord Salisbury's rule that territory once rescued from the Turk should never be returned is completely reversed, and the Prime Minister's promise that the Balkan Allies should not lose the fruit of their victories falls also with the dissolution of the Alliance. Bulgaria's command of the railway south of Mustapha Pasha is absolutely cut off, and the immediate question for her is whether she can afford to construct a new railway over the difficult and hilly country between that point and Dedeagatch or some other port on the little strip of Ægean coast still left her between the Turks at Enos and the Greeks at Kavala. Considering her immense sacrifices in the first war, and her disproportionate share of the victorious fighting, the advantage she has gained is absurdly inadequate. Neither on the principle of nationality nor of compensation is her treatment just. But the combination of Greece and Servia on one side, with Roumania stabbing at her back, and Turkey, under Enver Bey, persistently renewing the attack upon her distress, has been too much even for her sturdy and obstinate little race. For the moment she acquiesces, under exhaustion; but she has a future, and we shall be surprised if her treacherous allies do not find it terrible.

Last week the conference between employers and representatives of the English and Irish Trade Unions was adjourned for a week, but before the date fixed for its resumption, the Dublin employers took the earliest steps of breaking off negotiations, and bitter war is raging in consequence. The delegates from the Trade Union Congress have made great efforts to persuade the employers to reconsider their decision, but their efforts have been unsuccessful, and they have now left Dublin. There has been little disorder up to the present, though there have been great processions, and the trade of Dublin is paralysed. Hostilities are not confined to Dublin, for the policy of dragooning laborers into throwing the Transport Workers' Union over has been adopted in the case of the farm laborers in County Dublin, and there are a large number of farm laborers on strike in consequence.

THE Irish trouble has spread to England in the form of sympathetic strikes at Liverpool and Birmingham. The outlook in these places has improved, for the doctrine that railway companies must be forbidden by the power of trade unions to carry "tainted goods" has been warmly criticised by some of the labor leaders, and it is not very attractive apparently to the main body of railway workers. Mr. Wardle points out that no railway trade union would ever be at peace if this demand was made in its extreme form. He looks at the question from the point of view of the interests of the union, and sees that this incessant warfare would wear it out. Finally the Executive Committee of the National Union of Railwaymen, after a local investigation, issued a sensible manifesto, pointing out that the men were wrong in their facts, and had been boycotting goods that had actually been handled by members of the Irish Transport Union. There is, therefore, a chance that the Union's advice against a national strike may be followed.

MEANWHILE, Manchester has a strike of its own on hand-a strike for higher wages from the Ship Canal Co. The company have refused any concessions, and, on the ground that negotiations would lead to no result, they have rejected proposals for a conference. There has been trouble in London because Messrs. Tilling forbade their men to wear union badges, acting, as the "Times" observes, "on obsolete notions, which will not convince the public." This foolish oppression has had the usual results. Tilling's men have demanded recognition of their union, the right to wear union badges, and the reinstatement of the dismissed workers. The Lord Mayor has intervened, and Tilling's have given way on the two minor points, but have refused recognition. The men stand fast; union badges are worn everywhere, and it looks as if other companies would be drawn in. The refusal of recognition is not only sheer reaction, but breaks down the strongest existing barrier against reckless, sporadic striking. That is hard enough to keep under in the present temper of labor; but these wild drivers of industry would smash the brake when the carriage is moving down hill. -

THE Liberal response to Lord Loreburn's plea for a settlement of Home Rule by Conference has naturally been slight. The press is not unfriendly; but the rank and file see no ground for any pause in working out the Parliament Act, and, it is clear, would not follow their leaders in proposing it. From the Conservatives there have been one or two faint signs of an advance. The "Telegraph" declares that "a change (in Irish government) there must be," and the "Globe" declares for large reforms in administration, including, apparently, the superseding of the Castle. But the general tone has been to treat the Loreburn letter as a Ministerial balloon -a sign that the party and its leaders are afraid of the Ulstermen, and would like to call them off with Lord Lansdowne's help. For the present, therefore, the pacific movement set up by Lord Loreburn makes little

MUCH the largest contribution to this result has been made by Sir Edward Carson, who, in a fresh series of speeches, has refused to enter a Conference, treated it as a trap, with a Dublin Parliament at the end of it, and (at Newry) renewed in a precise and aggravated form his incitements to rebellion. He told his "volunteers" that they "ought" to set themselves against the authorities of the land, admitted that the provisional government was "illegal," and that "volunteers" and "drilling" were equally lawless creations. But he incited them to proceed with their illegalities on the ground that the Government did not dare to interfere with them, and he added the moral excuse that they were not crimes, for their doers meant well, and were not sordid or mean. That is the language of most criminals, as Sir Edward Carson well knows. But it has not yet abolished the Old Bailey. \*

A WIDELY different note has been struck in the "Times" of this (Friday) morning. Lord Dunraven has contributed to it a letter, declaring his unshaken adherence to "conciliation, conference, compromise." He insists on the precedent of the successful Land Conference, and argues that as that meeting was open, a Home Rule Conference need not require "a detailed basis," and that even if it failed, the "rubbish of misconceptions and trivialities" would be cleared away. The "Times," in a curious article, which faintly rebukes Sir Edward Carson, suggests that in the last twenty years there has been "a gradual approximation of all Irish-

men towards a common centre," and that all the best Irish movements have treated "Irishmen as Irishmen, and not as Unionists or Nationalists, Protestants or Catholics."

The "Times" illustrates this "healing impulse towards reconciliation" by the success of the Recess Committee of 1895, and of the Land Settlement. The force of "this robust and practical spirit of unity and co-operation," thinks the "Times," is not spent. Let us hope, therefore, that Sir Edward Carson's "robust" spirit of ill-will and disunity will not o'er-crow it. Finally, it is said that the King desires a Conference. But, of course, he will only act on the advice of his Ministers. We imagine that they would not refuse to attend it, even if it were proposed by the Opposition leaders without the basis of agreement on the principles of Irish Government which Mr. Ellis Griffith has suggested. But it is difficult to see a possible issue to so wide and vague a reference.

In spite of China's immediate agreement to all Japan's demands in regard to the alleged ill-treatment of Japanese subjects at Nankin and elsewhere, Japan has despatched two cruisers, followed by four destroyers, to Nankin. She complains that no real apology has been offered by China, and it is believed that she now makes a further demand for the dismissal of General Chang-hsun. In accordance with the Anglo-Japanese alliance, she has consulted our Government upon the situation, and has been informed that British diplomacy at Pekin would support her claims to indemnity and apology, but that this country would not countenance military or naval action at present. That is all right so far as it goes, but it must be rather cold comfort for China. There can be little doubt as to Japan's ulterior object in thus increasing her demands. She dreads China's progress and consolidation. She hopes to exasperate her up to the breaking-point before the new Republic has time to establish its power or authority. By striking now she believes she could both check the growth of a future rival, and gain a foothold on territory for which there will be a general scramble soon if only the Republic can be reduced to impotence. It is a characteristic policy which this country must do its utmost to defeat.

A MEMORANDUM has been published this week under the title of "A Unionist Agricultural Policy" by a group of Unionists, whose dislike of secret investigations is not carried to the extreme point of making their own identity or procedure public. The conclusions reached resemble in many respects the conclusions that have been attributed to the much-talked-of group of Liberal Thus, Unionists and Liberals alike are in favor of Wages Boards for agricultural laborers, the only difference being that the Unionists would recommend them for certain districts only. proposals include the spending of money on agricultural education, the development of colonies of small holders, the improvement of transport and co-operation, readjustment of local and Imperial taxation, the adoption of Mr. Jesse Collings's Bill for Land Purchase (this does not take a front place by any means in the programme), and the most interesting item, the proposal to revive common pasture, and to provide every laborer with a garden of a quarter of an acre and land for allotment.

All agrarian reformers must welcome this publication and rejoice at this further evidence of the need for a bold and vigorous policy. We are particularly glad to see the recognition of the importance of reviving common

pasture and restoring some of the opportunities of independence of which the laborer was deprived by the great enclosures. Here is an admirable passage on this part of the programme: "The number of cottages which stand on only two or three poles of ground is enormous, and yet within a stone's throw of them there is often a grass field or an arable field occupied by a farmer, the former containing the cows which produce the milk the villagers cannot buy, and the latter giving a poor crop of wheat or oats, and sometimes full of twitch and weeds. This has often been said by Liberals, and it has been treated as trying to set class against class. It is earnestly to be hoped that the Unionist group will be able to persuade their party to adopt this view, and to support the policy of making reservations for common cow pastures for any village; but whatever their success in that quarter, this proposal will be welcomed by all who have the laborers' future at heart, and know something of the needs of his position. We note, by the way, that there is no proposal to give the farmer security of tenure or to make the landowner share the burden of higher wages with him.

THE Board of Trade inquiry into the railway disaster at Aisgill was resumed in London on Monday, and adjourned on the day following. The chief topic was the cause of the "fire." On Monday evidence was given by passengers, among these an army captain and an experienced engineer, who were certain that they saw and heard the flame of burning gas among the debris shortly after the collision. On Tuesday, Mr. Bain, the carriage inspector of the Midland Railway, contended as against this view that the fire was caused by hot ashes thrown out of the box of the Edinburgh express engine. He grounded this opinion on experiments carried out with the five gas cylinders under the coaches, which went to show, in his opinion, that all the gas within the cylinders would have escaped within two minutes. On Monday, Sir Guy Granet made a long statement, detailing the measures taken by the company to reduce the risks of accident after the Hawes disaster, explaining why the company had decided to retain gas, and repudiating the charge that the company had been buying inferior coal. The coal in these engines was too small, but there had been no carelessness about the company's contracts.

It is, we think, unfortunate, in view of the great importance of the question, that the character of the coal is excluded from the investigations at the inquest. It was bad coal that brought the first train to a standstill, and bad coal, bringing about a low pressure of steam and threatening the stoppage of the train, that distracted the driver of the second engine from the signals. If the coal had been good, the first train could have been restarted when the signalmen heard of its danger. So far, the only important new fact that has been elicited at the inquest which was resumed on Wednesday, came out in the signalman's evidence that day. It turns out that the signalman dropped his signal to safety just before the second express reached his box because he thought that the driver had shut off steam in obedience to the danger signal, and that he put it back at danger when he realised his mistake. It appears also that a driver is entitled to pass a first signal when it is at danger, because it is really a warning to him that the next signal may be against him.

THE German Socialist Congress has been meeting in Jena through the week, and a rather embittered controversy has arisen between the party's executive and

the members who accuse them of inactivity and want of enterprise. In spite of their 111 members in the Reichstag, it is complained that the numbers in the country are not rapidly increasing, and that the funds are running low. The chief debate turned upon the "general strike," which was powerfully advocated by Frau Rosa Luxemburg and the more extreme members. As spokesman for the executive, on the other hand, Herr Scheidemann maintained that, though the general strike was the "ultima ratio" of Social Democracy, the time was not ripe. Its chief use would be as an instrument to extend the franchise, and the immediate duty was to improve the Socialist organisation in the constituencies and trade unions. At the same time, he made the rather dubious assertion that "the German people will not stand everything." On a division, Frau Luxemburg secured only 142 votes out of nearly 500; but the general dissatisfaction with the executive's "apathy" was obvious. Herr Ebert, a saddler, tailor, and journalisthitherto a member of no marked distinction—was elected Chairman of the party, in place of Bebel.

On Tuesday, Mr. Borden, addressing the Conservative Association of Halifax, waved the Imperial flag defiantly at Sir Wilfrid Laurier and all others whom it might concern. Canada, he said, was determined not to be excluded from the foreign policy of the Empire, and no one could regard the occasional appearance of a Canadian Minister at the Imperial Defence Committee's meetings in London as a final solution. Though he freely admitted that Canadians, like other people, must creep before they walked-an axiom in politics-he maintained that whether their home was in the British Islands or in Canada they must be equals before the King. He believed that in the Canadian Parliament's proposal of three Dreadnoughts there had dawned for the first time upon the world the light of a new aspect of the British Empire. Continuing, he remarked :-

"Then the Chancelleries of the world saw that the strength of the Empire's defence lay, not in the British Islands alone, but in the daughter nations which had already begun to realise their strength and to feel the thews of Anakim, the pulses of a giant's heart."

Unhappily, Sir Wilfrid Laurier's action had deprived the Chancelleries of that vision, and taken the point out of the quotation from "In Memoriam." But still, he concluded, "the Flag streams in undiminished splendor upon the breezes of the twentieth century."

LAST Sunday Professor Arminius Vambéry died at Budapest in his eighty-second year. A Hungarian Jew sprung from the working classes, he early displayed not so much a talent as a passion for languages, especially those of the Turkish Empire and Central Asia. After picking up a random living in Constantinople, he joined some Tartar pilgrims returning to Persia in 1862, and, disguised as a dervish, he succeeded in reaching Khiva, Samarkand, Herat, and Meshed. After his return, he was appointed Professor of Oriental languages at Budapest, but spent much of his time in Turkey, and much in London. In politics, his knowledge of the Near East and Central Asia, perhaps also his Jewish descent, naturally made him strongly anti-Russian, and he steadily foretold the danger to India from Russia's persistent advance both in the Bokhara region and in Persia. It was his hatred of all Russia's methods that induced him to act as philosopher and friend even to Abdul Hamid's Government, and his admiring friendship for our country never faltered until our entente assisted the Russian autocracy to recover its ill-omened power at home and abroad.

# Politics and Affairs.

# SHOULD SIR EDWARD CARSON BE PROSECUTED?

"I do not hesitate to tell you that you ought to set yourselves against this constituted authority in the land," proceeded Sir Edward, "and I do so for this simple reason: that I do not believe that any man or body of men, whether they be a Parliament or whether they be an assemblage of men who have obtained their authority by force, have a right to filch away from any great community or any great body of citizens the ele-mental rights of civil and religious liberty which they have inherited, and which they are ready to carry on to the end. There will be difficulties in trying to run a Government of our own against the constituted Government of the Home Rule Bill. It will be a constant fight between the Parliament of the Ancient Order Hibernians-because it will be nothing else-and the Parliament we will set up. . . . We will set up that Government. I am told it is illegal; of course it is. (Laughter.) Drilling is illegal. I was reading an Act of Parliament the other day forbidding it. The volun-teers are illegal, and the Government know they are The Government dare not interfere with what they know is illegal, and the reason the Government not interfere is this-because they know the moment they interfere with you, then you will not brook their interference, and, then, the moment you do not brook their interference the knowledge would be brought home to every man in England that, not only were you in earnest, but that you were prepared to make any sacrifices to maintain your liberty; and the moment that is understood, the Government know well their game is up. Therefore, do not be afraid of illegalities. They are illegalities which are not crimes; they are not sordid or mean."—Sir Edward Carson at Newry, on reviewing detachments of the "Ulster Volunteer Force."

WE are afraid that the discussion of Lord Loreburn's plea for a Conference on Home Rule is likely to give place to a more sensational topic, and that is the question of prosecuting Sir Edward Carson, member of the Privy Council, on a charge of treason-felony. No wise man would press this course on the Government. Government, even in the exercise of its most formal and elementary rights, must needs act with regard to the social effect of what it does as well as to its abstract propriety and legal force. Much in Sir Edward Carson's speeches has been merely contingent criminality, and a great deal more mere bravado. But of late both the circumstances of his act and its actual gravity have been sensibly aggravated. In the first place, he has been taken at his word. When Privy Councillors preach violent anarchy, Orange rowdies practise it on the bodies of their Catholic neighbors. But the Derry riots are by no means an adequate measure of Sir Edward Carson's offence. He is a real author of the convulsion of labor which began in Dublin, and has now spread to London and the United Kingdom. Mr. Larkin's worst speech was a reduced model of an utterance of Sir Edward's, less deliberately criminal than that which we place at the head of this article. Now there has been no sort of hesitation in taking the Dublin labor leader at his word, and calling on him to pay the penalty of urging other people, not too richly provided with food and houseroom, to break the law. But there is more than one Larkin in Great Britain; and those who represent the not unimportant Syndicalist movement have now the power of daring the Government either to let social order fend for itself, or to do the most odious thing that a Liberal Ministry can do—namely, discriminate unfairly between rich and powerful offenders and poor and comparatively unprotected ones. The "Manchester Guardian" points out that Mr. Tillett, addressing the dockers at Southampton, advised them to get guns, in terms almost identical with those used by Mr. F. E. Smith at Newry. How long can this moral strain continue? And how long can Sir Edward Carson, who is, after all, a party leader of consequence and a personality of some distinction in Parliament and at the Bar, be allowed to talk and act the purest treason in the same breath in which he gives it out to the world that the Government dare not lay a finger on him, or stop his preparations for "levying war against His Majesty" by force of arms and by setting up a rival civil authority.

Sir Edward Carson has indeed long been at pains to construct a case against himself, and to leave the Government a wide alternative of proceeding against him for treason-felony, or for conspiracy, or for unlawful drilling. He is still fighting against a Bill which cannot be an Act before June, 1914. But his speech on Thursday at Newry seems to be directly designed as a breach of the Treason Felony Act of 1848 which was lately quoted in THE NATION by a "Liberal Lawyer." The words which bear on his offence are as follows:--" If any person . . . shall, within the United Kingdom or without, compass . . . or intend . . . to levy war against His Majesty, within any part of the United Kingdom, in order by force or constraint to compel him to change his measures or counsels, or in order to put any force or constraint upon, or in order to intimidate or overawe, both Houses or either House of Parliament . . . and such compassings . . . or intentions . . . shall express, utter, or declare by publishing any printing or writing, or by any overt act or deed, every person so offending shall be guilty of felony. . . . Both Sir Edward Carson's words and his acts are clearly directed to levying war on the King, to compelling him to "change his measures," and to intimidating the House of Commons; and Sir Edward's movement would die of ridicule if he defended them on the quibble that his words were spoken rather than printed or written. Like a good many criminals, Sir Edward Carson insists that his "illegalities" are not crimes, and that there will be compensation for the ill which he does to his fellows in some vaguely imagined good. But so far as his case before a judge and jury is concerned, Sir Edward dispenses with the necessity of proving it against himself or against the persons with whom he associates. He admits that he has broken the law, and flings in the Government's face the Acts of Parliament which proclaim him a traitor to his King and a conspirator against the public peace.

We fancy that all parties to this controversy will agree that this is trying the Crown pretty high. Sir Edward Carson is self-deceived, and in that respect may present a slightly more respectable figure than the man who only deceives others. But it is open to all right-thinking men to say that to stir civil strife through the easily excited passions of religious hate and social intolerance is almost as serious a public offence as a politician in this age can commit. But the question of expediency

remains, and it is right to remember that recent events have tended to increase rather than to diminish its force. Sir Edward Carson seems to have purposely timed his Newry speech so as at once to destroy the effect of Lord Loreburn's suggestion of a Conference-which he repudiates-and to extract from it as much support as he can for the view that the grievance of Ulster under Home Rule would be so intolerable that it could only be mended by schism and rebellion. But if these are the plans of the men who desire to tear the country asunder, the friends of a Home Rule policy, whose aim is nothing if not a united Ireland, may well think twice and thrice before forwarding them. If Sir Edward is laid by the heels, he becomes a "martyr," and the exemplar of a following crowd of "martyrs," and we plunge at once from the atmosphere and the counsels of peace into the circle of violence into which he has for months been seeking to drag the Crown and its advisers. Therefore the peacemakers may well go on resolving not to give Sir Edward what he professes to want, and to carry forbearance up to the point when the Government have to choose between using force and surrendering to it, in the form of a concrete defiance of the Crown, instead of merely a contingent and halfbluffing challenge to it. No Government could willing prosecute a political opponent, and no sensible Administration would care to risk an unsuccessful prosecution before a Belfast or even a Dublin jury.

So far, then, Sir Edward may judge himself safe to incite other people to break other people's heads. But there is one step of obvious propriety. If, for good motives of policy, the doctrine of free speech is to be stretched so as to cover its unbounded license, Sir Edward Carson has virtually stripped himself of his Privy Councillorship. We have never been able to understand why a fair disciplinary measure against him has not been taken, so as to put a proper mark of dishonor on the business he has on foot. Sedition may at least step down to the ranks, instead of pleading from the steps of the Throne. A second consequence of the Newry speech is equally clear. It is useless for the Government to propose a Conference. They cannot induce Sir Edward Carson to come in. And they have nothing before them. Their Bill must in the course of things become law; and they have devised an Act of Parliament, with the King's consent, which secures that result. There is no new fact in the situation save Sir Edward Carson's incitements, which, as yet, have had no fruit in actual rebellion. But the account is open; the true pacification of Ireland must always be an object of the deepest importance. Will the Tory leaders take one step to assure it? It is for them to say whether they elect to stand by unveiled sedition or to move in the direction of a settlement. They can approach such a settlement on the lines of the Home Rule Bill, or of a scheme of Devolution, based upon an Irish Parliament and a responsible Executive, subject to large powers of local autonomy to Protestant Ulster. Or they can bow to the threats of the Newry speech, which is spoken quite as much to their ears as to those of the Ministry, and, like their Jacobite forebears, make their bed with treason.

#### THE MEANING OF THE STRIKES.

THERE are several very disconcerting symptoms in this season's strike epidemic. Perhaps the most serious is the inadequacy-indeed the triviality-of most of the causes assigned for the stoppages of work. There is, no doubt, a logical defence of the purely sympathetic strike, with its refusal to handle "tainted goods," which has been the formal cause of disturbance in Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and other railway centres. When the local quarrel is definitely chosen as a test case, involving an important labor issue of general import, the national organisation may sometimes deliberately decide to extend the area of the struggle. But no such tactical policy has been responsible for the sporadic outbreaks of the last fortnight. On the contrary, the responsible officials of the railway union have done all in their power to discourage the local strikes which have broken out in direct defiance of the Union regulations, and are grave menaces to the effective solidarity of labor. It is doubtless true that trade union executives are in some measure reaping the fruits of past weakness and inconsistency in permitting their hands to be forced by the precipitate action of local groups. Even at the present time it is evident that some of the local strike leaders imagine that they can coerce the higher officials of their unions into countenancing a national railway strike. We do not for a moment believe that they will succeed; but that they should suppose it possible is an index of the irresponsibility and unreflectiveness which are leading characteristics of the latest labor movement. Those who delight in verbal explanation tell us that this is Syndicalism, the policy of direct impulsive action which has been imported from France. But the fact is that there is no policy about it. Mr. James Sexton, in an informing article in the "Morning Post," comes nearer to an explanation when he points to the rapid growth of the ranks of Trade Unionism by the admission of masses of raw young workers, undisciplined and unversed in labor tactics, who are clamorous for immediate results. The strike fever has got into their blood. The substantial gains, wrested in some instances by force from the employers, in the great struggles of 1911, have served to give a surface validity to the strike of impulse or of sympathy. In not a few instances the obdurate unreason of employers has furnished a steel on which this flint may easily strike fire. A typical example of this was offered in the attitude adopted by Messrs. Tilling in refusing their employees the right to wear a Union badge. If this refusal was anything else than mere churlishness, it was a deliberate attempt to hamper organisation among the workers. It was, however, impossible to believe that the London Traffic Combine as a business body would dare thus openly to deny its employees the elementary right of combination. For the recent report on London traffic discloses deep-seated grievances which the Companies would scarcely wish to drag out into the full glare of daylight.

But there can be no doubt that these troubles are symptoms of a discontent among the working classes that is becoming chronic, and is attended by a growing feeling of class-consciousness. This, in our judgment, is the natural result of popular education, in enlarging and enriching the outlook of the workers upon life. New needs, tastes, and aspirations are spreading amongst them, which they have not the chance to satisfy. They want more money, more leisure, more liberty to enjoy the "good things" of life, and they chafe ever more insistently against the narrow economic barriers which shut them in. They are in touch with the new countries of the world, where a working man is able to satisfy many of these wants, and where the rigid distinctions, which here sever the master class from the working class, are largely broken down. Nothing short of a rapid advance of material security and comfort, accompanied by a reconstruction of the relations between employer and employed, which removes the latter from the exercise of the arbitrary will of the former, and brings in a more human, sympathetic element, will abate our present discontents. Unless methods are found for satisfying these demands, we shall be confronted by a growing emigration from this country of the abler and more adventurous laborers, and a chronic irritation among those who are left behind. The present trouble, of course, is aggravated by certain special causes, amongst which the rise of prices during the last few years is conspicuous. In a world of rapidly growing wealth, the working classes as a whole are finding themselves a little worse off than before. Is it likely that they will stand this? But how remedy this situation? The older trade unionism, with its traditional policy and its trained leaders, are pushed aside as incompetent for the task. The Parliamentary Labor Party has failed to fulfil the too sanguine expectation which attended its rise. The reforms of Liberal Governments do not go far or fast enough. Such are the views and feelings of the new class-conscious workers who precipitate these spontaneous strikes.

We must enlarge our notions about the scope of industrial reforms, if we are to cope with this new situation, and must seek to re-establish in the mind of the ordinary working man a confidence in the possibility of achieving his reasonable aims by the pursuance of orderly political and economic methods. The main and immediate line of policy is to devise regular authoritative ways of securing reasonable standard wages and other conditions of labor in the several trades of the country. Tentative beginnings of this policy have already been made in the Wage Boards Act and in the conciliatory powers vested in the Board of Trade and in the Industrial Council. It is time for a bolder and more comprehensive advance along both these pacific We are glad that a fresh group of trades is shortly to be brought under the scope of the Wage Board policy. But virtually the entire body of woman's industrial employment and of that of unskilled men is proper material for this mode of wage settlement. As regards the great staple skilled male industries, the immediate need is to standardise each trade upon a basis of voluntary agreement. this task, the recent Report of the Industrial Council made an important contribution in the proposal to make legally compulsory throughout a trade any agreement entered upon by a substantial organisation of the employers and the workers in that trade. This appears to involve the minimum of compulsion necessary to the standardisation that is essential to secure industrial peace. It cannot, of course, be regarded as a final or a satisfactory solution of the problem. But so long as neither employers nor employees will consent to compulsory public settlement of their disputes, agreements voluntarily entered into by the organised sections of a trade must be used as the best available substitutes.

#### KIDNAPPING BY ORDER.

The case is this. Junagadh is one of the 680 "Native States" of India. It is part of the great Kathiawar Peninsula, below the Gulf of Cutch and north of Bombay, under the Governor of which it stands as a "Political Agency." It has a population of about 500,000, of whom three-fifths are Hindus, and the rest Mohammedans and Jains. Governed by Akbar as part of Gujerat, it came under its present Mohammedan dynasty nearly two centuries ago, and in 1807 acknowledged British suzerainty. It pays tribute both to England and the Gaikwar of Baroda, and is watched in British interests by a Resident responsible to the Governor of Bombay. Its Nawabs receive a salute of eleven guns, which entitle them to the address of "Highness."

In January, 1911, the Nawabsaheb died, leaving a young widow, Ashabibi, as Dowager Begum or Bibisaheb of the State, with one son, then a boy of eleven, and a daughter. The boy was removed from his mother's care, apparently by order of the Resident "Administrator," Mr. L. Robertson, and placed in two English households in turn, his mother being allowed to see him only for about an hour a day. She strongly objected, for the boy was delicate, and in English surroundings he was likely to become indifferent to many of the strictest regulations of his religion, such as the prohibition of wine. However, she did her best to endure the situation until, soon after the boy's narrow escape from death by typhoid last year, she heard that the Administrator intended sending him to England for eighteen months with Mr. and Mrs. Tudor-Owen, the second of the English families mentioned.

This was last October, and the order came that the boy was to start in the following March, as his tutor, Mr. Tudor-Owen, was then going on leave. The Bibisaheb at once protested with all the force of her nature. We have the correspondence between her and Mr. Robertson before us. Writing in good, though sometimes peculiar, English, she tells him that on receiving his order she was "quite dumbstruck and motionless for a time." She totally disagrees with the idea. She proposes that during Mr. Tudor-Owen's absence a good tutor should be appointed at any cost. She points out that the late Nawabsaheb distinctly wished the boy to be brought up in Junagadh, and even objected to his being sent to the neighboring college for native princes at Rajkot. In answer to her representations, the Administrator replies that she must not think of her own feelings, for the mothers of Princes are expected to bear with fortitude those inevitable separations which the training of princes involves; that he was aware of the late Nawabsaheb's objections, but could not find them in writing; and that he had men1

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tioned the matter in the previous August (1912) to the Governor of Bombay (Sir George Clarke, now Lord Sydenham), and had received his approval. From time to time he refers to his belief in the advantages to the boy himself, which he had thus stated in his first letter:—

"Amid the healthy surroundings and high moral atmosphere in which he would live there (in England), we may confidently expect that his mental and moral qualities would develop along sound and healthy lines."

Finally (November 16th, 1912), Mr. Robertson repeats his order in definite terms—"Mahabat (the boy) will leave for England in March next"—and advises the mother, "instead of wearing herself out with vain regrets," to devote her energies to the education of her daughter.

In despair of the Administrator, the Bibisaheb appealed to the Governor of Bombay, repeating her pleas about her boy's youth, his delicacy, and his recent terrible illness, again asking for another tutor during Mr. Tudor-Owen's absence, and offering to come to Bombay for a personal interview. Sir George Clarke answered, pointing out that " at this impressionable age the English surroundings and training are likely to have their valuable effect upon his mind and character," and that "Mrs. Tudor-Owen will act as a mother to him until he returns to you." Finally, he advises her to concur in the decision as irrevocable, and during an official visit to Junagadh last February he appears to have made a speech in which he also dwelt upon the benefit of a healthy moral atmosphere that would thus be secured to the boy. In spite of the mother's continued entreaties for delay, the business was hurried on, and it was arranged that her son should be taken from her in the very first week of March.

In despair of the Governor of Bombay, on the eve of the boy's departure, she appealed both by a full statement of the case and by telegram to the Viceroy of India. We have three telegrams before us, and will quote the second and part of the third; both come from the Bibisaheb personally, and are addressed to Lord Hardinge:—

" March 4th, 1913.

"I am in sore distress, and my heart is breaking. The minor Nawabsaheb is being hurried away from Junagadh to-morrow, and I beseech Your Excellency to stay his departure till my Representation is considered and disposed of."

On March 7th she telegraphs:-

"I am in unutterable agony and broken-hearted. My appeal is still pending before Your Excellency, my cries are unheard, and my boy, the minor Nawab, is being sent to England by to-morrow's mail. It is cruelty to send my boy in this way to England. I calculate upon Your Excellency's timely intervention to avert such impending calamity. . . . Pray stay his departure, and consider my appeal and gravity of such a hasty, premature, and risky step. I beseech Your Excellency to remember the unhappy fate of the late Nawab of Radhanpore, who was packed off to England against the wishes of his family, and, pray, imagine the feelings and agonies of a mother whose tender-aged boy requiring her presence by him is thus weaned off from her. I wish I could fly to Delhi and explain my case personally to Your Excellency. . . ."

Lord Hardinge made no reply to this entreaty, and only at the beginning of April was the mother informed that

"the Governor-General-in-Council saw no ground for interfering with the decision of the Government of Bombay."

In despair of the Viceroy, the Bibisaheb telegraphed to the King-Emperor (March 9th) imploring him, if her son had already been carried off by the mail on the 8th, to order that he should be sent back from Aden. "Otherwise," she adds, "I will sacrifice my life in my son's absence." To this telegram she received no answer, except a notification from the Bombay Government that it had been forwarded to the Secretary of State "for disposal."

No doubt, Mr. Robertson, Mr. Tudor-Owen, and Lord Sydenham hoped and believed that this disposal would be final. But in a complete restatement of all her objections, drafted by Sir Pherozeshah Mehta, the well-known Parsee barrister and leader in Bombay, and addressed to Lord Crewe as Secretary of State for India, the mother now demands the return of her son before he is exposed to the dangers of an English winter, in very delicate state as he is, and unaccustomed to cold. She dwells on deeper reasons also: the father was a devout Mohammedan, and would have strongly objected to placing the boy at thirteen among the surroundings of a different religion. To say that in England he would be "among more moral and more desirable surroundings" appears to her an insult to his family, his State, and his country. She would encourage his visit to England when he came to a ripe age, but "nobody," she adds, "has the right to denationalise our children by exposing them to foreign influences in a foreign country at the tender age when they are most impressionable."

That is the Bibisaheb's case, and, judging entirely from the correspondence before us, without any personal knowledge of the characters concerned, it appears to be complete. We want to know what Lord Crewe is going to do about it. Here is a woman whose son has been forcibly taken from her against her urgent entreaty to spend at least a year and a half of his boyhood among an alien people, in association with an alien faith, and in a climate which she believes likely to be fatal to him. We are aware that under our law a mother is not the parent of her child and has no rights over it so long as the father lives, unless the child is illegitimate. But in this case, though the child is legitimate, the father is dead, and by law the widow assumes control. Shall it be said that the Bibisaheb loses the rights of widowed motherhood because she is a Princess, and that there is one law for subjects and a much harsher law for our Native Rulers? Whether English education is specially good or bad for an Indian boy-whether a Mohammedan Prince is likely to be more moral or less after associating with boys of our public-school type-is not the immediate question. Nor are we concerned in the smallest degree with the personal character of Mr. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Tudor-Owen, or Lord Sydenham. We may assume that they are all excellent people, acting throughout from the very highest motives. We only say that, though they were angels from heaven, they have no right in law or equity to kidnap a child. Angels would have no more right than gipsies, and, unless some

reason very different from anything in the correspondence before us can be brought forward, we join with the mother in demanding the boy's restoration to his home.

# THE TRADE BOARDS ACT IN PRACTICE.

Surely no revolution has been effected with so little criticism or disturbance as the revolution to which society was committed in the passing of the Trade Boards Act. Five years ago Parliament decided to throw over the theory of the competitive wage, and, in defiance of the teaching of the classical economy so long implicitly believed and followed, to empower the State to take a hand in settling the rates of wages in certain trades. This was a departure of great moment, and to the terrors inspired by the traditions and authority of the old economists there are added other causes of disquiet and misgiving. For the sweated trades are carried on under conditions that make the administration of such laws specially difficult; a great part of the work is done at home; employment is in many cases irregular; and many of the trades fluctuate with season and fashion. The Act was passed; the Trade Boards were set up; minimum wages were fixed, and now, without a single hostile note, the field of this legislation is to be extended. The trades originally included were readymade and wholesale bespoke tailoring, cardboard box-making, machinemade and net-lace finishing, and chain-making. These trades were chosen partly because the workers were in special need of protection, and partly because their circumstances were so dissimilar as to make them a useful experiment. The experiment has justified further extensions. The new trades are sugar confectionery and food preserving, shirt-making, the sheet-metal hollowware trade, and the tin box and canister trade. It was intended also to include certain laundry workers, but a blunder was made in the drafting, and they have consequently dropped out. It appears probable that the Act will apply to a population of some 300,000 workers, of whom, of course, the vast majority are women.

The memoranda published by the Board of Trade last May give an account of the working of this very interesting piece of legislation. Six Trade Boards were set up, consisting of representatives of employers and employed in equal number, together with a quota of persons unconnected with the trade, appointed by the Board of Trade. The largest Trade Boards are those for paper-box making (Great Britain) with forty-one members, and tailoring (Great Britain) with thirty-five members: Each of these Boards has established District Trade Committees. The proceedings of the Boards are, we believe, as little formal as possible, and everything is done to facilitate negotiations. As is generally the case in social legislation, it is found that good employers welcome the compulsion put upon bad employers to improve the condition of their workpeople. In some cases the advance in wages has been remarkable. Miss Mary MacArthur, who reviews the history of the Boards in an interesting article in the "Englishwoman," says that in the cheaper kinds of chain-making there has been an average advance in the wages of the women of

80 per cent. The women applied a few weeks ago for a further advance from 21d. to 23d an hour, and they won their case—a proof that the trade has not been prejudiced by the increases already conceded, and also that a rate when fixed does not in practice become stationary, as some have feared would happen. The boxmaking industry, like the tailoring trade, is not localised in one area; it is spread over different parts of the country. In the case of such industries the effect of the operation of the Trade Boards is to bring the worse districts up to the standard of the better. For example, in box-making, the workers and the employers in the districts where wages are higher pressed for a uniform minimum against the wishes of the other employers. This was conceded, and a national rate has been fixed of 6d. per hour for men and 3d. per hour for women. In some respects the most difficult trade to regulate has been the lace-finishing at Nottingham. The work is given out by middlewomen, who make a miserable livelihood, to some 10,000 homeworkers, whose circumstances make anything like combination or organisation impossible. In this industry a time wage of 23d. an hour has been fixed, to be advanced later to 3d. That wages such as these should actually represent a great advance is sufficient proof of the necessity of this kind of State interference if its sweated workers are ever to be raised from their pitiful and degrading plight.

How, it used to be asked, can these regulations be enforced, and can they be enforced at all without inflicting misery and unemployment on great numbers of people? The answer to the first question is given in the particulars supplied by the Board of Trade Memoranda of four successful prosecutions, two in the lace-finishing trade, one in the chain-making, and the fourth in the box-making trade in London. One of the defendants was prosecuted for hindering an Investigation Officer of the Board of Trade. These officials have power to enter workshops, factories, and places used for giving out work, and to require the production of wagesheets and lists of outworkers. It would be impossible to give anything like a full answer to the second question yet, for, as the Board of Trade observes, as the minimum rates in tailoring have only been obligatory for six months, and those in box-making twelve months, it would be premature to attempt to estimate the ultimate effect of the Act on the industries concerned. It is clear that the wholesale disorganisation that some used to predict has not taken place. On the other hand, the introduction of even so poor a standard of life as these rates represent has, in certain cases, given the finishing blow to handwork and transferred work that was formerly domestic into factories. This is not in itself an evil if the only terms on which the work can be retained as a domestic industry are terms on which the shadow of a decent life is impossible. that it involves a certain amount of suffering in the process is undeniable, though that cause of suffering was reduced as far as possible by the tentative character of the legislation, and the Trade Boards Act ought, of course, to be supplemented by legislation dealing with unemployment and the Poor Law.

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tages of the reform are striking and, of course, they are not represented only by a higher wage. They are seen not least in the new spirit and organisation of women workers. The Trade Boards have also been able to redress grievances connected with these industries by their regulation, and they have been able also to legislate for learners, and in this way to get rid of the evil of allowing employers to introduce young and cheaper workers and to teach them nothing. Thus, in the chain-making and lace finishing trades the Trade Board allows an employer to pay rather less to a young worker, who is definitely and effectively employed in the practical learning of the trade under an agreement, but only to young workers who hold a certificate from the Trade Board. In granting this certificate the Trade Board has to consider not only whether the other conditions are satisfied, but whether the number of learners already employed is such as to make it likely that the learner to be certificated will really receive adequate instruction. Thus the Act is tending to organise those sweated trades on a sound system and to abolish the mere exploitation of labor on which they have been built up. This is a most valuable social reform, striking a blow not only against low wages, but also against blindalley employment.

The Trade Boards Act brings home an administrative question of great and increasing importance. Each new social reform creates a new force of inspectors and officials, and nothing is done to bring them all into such relations as will secure efficient co-operation. Thus we have Factory Inspectors under one department, Insurance Inspectors under another, Sanitary Inspectors under a third, and now Trade Boards Investigating Officers under a fourth. The result is to cause unnecessary irritation and trouble to industries and to employments, and to waste a great deal of experience that is acquired independently and laboriously by different sets of officials and ought to be put into the common stock. This process cannot continue indefinitely, and it is very important that somebody should be thinking out the right way of bringing all this scattered energy into effective co-operation. The time is rapidly approaching when we may be threatened with an administrative breakdown if we go on multiplying officials for the several reforms we carry without considering more carefully what provision already exists, and the uses to which it might be put. Every new Act is another argument for a Department of Labor which would gather up all the responsibilities and powers that are now distributed over several departments in this wasteful and careless manner.

# A London Diary.

It is not necessary to pay any attention at all to the suggestions of Cabinet differences on the land question. They do not exist. Neither on the proposal of the Land Court nor of the minimum wage—the two difficult points of principle—have any disagreements been revealed. I doubt whether there has been a formal decision.

Ministers are always credited with moving much quicker and more definitely than events will allow them to do; but the general harmony on questions of policy which has marked Mr. Asquith's Cabinete is not likely to be disturbed by the land campaign.

As to Lord Loreburn's letter, let us at all events observe a rational approach to that notable event. The impulse, the writing, the form, were obviously Lord Loreburn's own, and the idea that there was a previous understanding with the Prime Minister and Lord Lansdowne is contrary to the facts, and, indeed, outside all plausible calculations. Lord Loreburn would be the last man in the world to employ for such a purpose, or to consent to employment in it. The very personal reference to the Welsh Bill-the least happy part of the letter-ought to be ample evidence on that point. As to any immediate or dramatic response, that is in the last degree unlikely. It is an appeal to the inner sense of politicians, rather than to their fighting instincts; and so far as the rank and file of Liberals are concerned, they have been so outraged by Sir Edward Carson's criminal talk, and so much more inclined to lay him by the heels than to parley with him or with the spirit that prompts and sustains him, that no hint of compromise is likely to come from them. For the average Liberal, the Home Rule case is finished, and there is ample spirit in the party to carry through the business of keeping Ulsteria in bounds. The tone of the Tory press is in this matter completely astray; and until that is realised, and the solidity of the Party on Home Rule (cemented by the Parliamentary loyalty of the Irish) thoroughly understood, Lord Loreburn's words will fail of their

My South African mail brings me rather grave reports of the Johannesburg riots. The actual force and wildness of the outbreak were more serious than the public here imagined. At one period the strike got into the hands of the extremists, whose language and actions were, in effect, revolutionary. Their paper suggested the superseding of the Government by a Committee of Public Safety. The mail train was "held up" until authority was given to let it go; indeed, I am told, most things and most people were in a sense "held up." And there were some audacious episodes. On the day of the funeral, a man took out a revolver, walked into Government Buildings, and, pistol in hand, lowered the flag to half-mast.

As to the proposal to send the Kaffir workers back to their native kraals, it was not, I am told, part of the "strategy" either of the Government or of the mine-owners. Neither wished for this result, and both dreaded it. Nor was it the fruit of unrest among the mine boys. The emergency was economic. Early in July it was found that there was only a few days' reserve of food in the mines, and a general strike among the railwaymen seemed inevitable. If that had happened, the Government could not have faced the problem of controlling 200,000 starving Kaffirs, and it would have

been necessary to send them away across the veld under armed escort. As it was, recruiting stopped, and a stream of time-expired laborers were drifting away to the kraals. This created a kind of automatic lock-out; for, with the decline of black labor to the extent of about 50,000 laborers, the work of the white superintendent shrank also. Thus, the idea of a general strike defeated itself, not through any deliberate action on the part of the mine-owners, but from the natural interlocking of black and white workers. But the future is not, I hope, so dark. The Government now seems likely to take in hand the whole problem of the organisation of mine-labor, the worst weakness of which is, of course, the treatment not of the whites but of the blacks.

When in Ireland lately (writes a correspondent) I was surprised to find among the shrewd and lively people who inhabit that little-known land a disposition to give a benevolent meaning to Sir Edward Carson's idea of a provisional government for the North-eastern corner of Ulster. Some time ago it was hinted (I think by Lord Londonderry) that if Home Rule were dropped the Carson volunteers might be induced to become Terri-Perhaps it would be good business to take those warlike spirits over in any case, and with themthis was the suggestion that met my astonished earsthe entire administrative apparatus which is soon to justify Sir Edward Carson's constructive genius. Apparently, the thing is to be done on sound democratic lines—there is even to be an adult suffrage basis, or something like it, for the elections-and, being designed by Unionists, the machine is certain to be acceptable to Unionist feeling. Then, why not work it in (thus runs the argument) with the MacDonnell plan of an autonomous administrative enclave for the four Northeastern counties? To be sure, there would still be the Irish Parliament seated at Dublin representing and ruling the whole nation; but, suppose the Carson organisation to be bodily taken over by that body and utilised as one of its chief functional instruments, what a triumph, after all, for the efficiency and local pride of Belfast! Extravagant and even ironical as all this may sound, my correspondent is, perhaps, right in asserting that there are, in Ireland, many who believe that time will yet give proof to this seeming paradox.

Possibly it is the success, or, let me say, the effectiveness, of the new rent courts system in Scotland that is responsible for one of the most salient omissions of the latest attempt to formulate a Unionist land policy for England. Even the "Times" agrees that this is a branch of the subject that ought to be explored rather than ignored, and I have heard it suggested that one way of beginning the exploration might be to set out a chart tracing the course of Lord Kennedy's recent voyagings and economic rectifications among the crofts and holdings of the North. In Scotland, to be sure, although the readjustment of rents (accompanied by security of tenure) is producing astonishing results, something still remains to be done, notably in the extension of the system to farms of a larger area. For that reform those concerned are looking to the Lloyd George policy, and their gaze, I imagine, will now be fixed in that quarter more firmly than ever. Wages may be a less pressing part of the problem in Scotland than in England, but there, as here, the housing difficulty is still untouched.

THE recorders of the biographies of the book season seem to have forgotten the most important and vitally interesting of all, which is the "Life of Florence Nightingale," by Sir Edward Cook. Sir Edward has had the advantage of continuous help from the Nightingale family, and the amplest material (Florence Nightingale was a great and methodical correspondent) to work on. The result should be a fully adequate revelation of a very original character and life. As to the latter, 'two events in it will necessarily be salient, Miss Nightingale's work in the Russian War, and her later and fruitful campaign for the health of the Army, both in India and at home. This brought her into continuous relationship with Viceroys, Secretaries of India, soldiers, and statesmen of all sorts, to whom she had to apply her immense energy, her zeal for the public good, and her arts of management. As she was, so she wrote, with wonderful spirit and knowledge of the world, and a free-flowing, satirical, and whimsical pen.

I REMEMBER Vambéry many years ago, a small, bent man, with a fine Jewish face, and his son's visit to England this summer is a reminder of how time flies. Vambéry was a true survival of the scholar-pilgrim, whose commerce was even more with life than with books, a pioneer of the great revival of interest in Orientalism, and a forerunner, too, of the anti-Russian reaction which began in British Liberalism with Lobanoff's Armenian policy, and has not yet ceased to run. He was a great force, to which his simplicity and the charm of his manner contributed.

By the way, it would be a mistake to suppose that the Carnegie Commission for inquiring into the Balkan atrocities has been dissolved. On the contrary, I find that it is continuing its work—doubtless without the countenance, and often with the opposition, of the Governments concerned. Members of the Commission have been at work in Servia, in Bulgaria, and at Salonika, and the whole Commission will meet at Paris, and issue a report at the end of the month.

With the death of Mr. Quelch, the old English Socialist movement, founded by Mr. Hyndman, loses one of its standard-bearers. Mr. Quelch was known by some disrespectful nick-names, such as the "tyrant-queller," tributes to the robust qualities of his oratory and his often excellent writing as editor of "Justice," and to his voice, which in strength almost compared with Mr. Burns's. With him it was the whole doctrine of Marx or nothing; the whole revolutionary appeal or nothing. Mr. Quelch found this honest intransigence incompatible with a seat in Parliament, or on the County Council, though he often sought it. Like many (or most) extremists in thought, his temper was amiability itself.

A WAYFARER.

# Tife and Letters.

#### TO THE HOLY CITY.

Financiers fear that the ancient capital of Palestine will never be Jerusalem the Golden. Never golden enough for them, at all events. It seems that Djavid Pasha, on behalf of the Turkish Government, so impoverished by wars with the Infidel, has been trying to bring off a deal in Holy Lands with Paris. France, so long the boasted protector of Latin Christianity's missions, churches, and pilgrims there, is on the look-out for a good commercial port—Haifa for choice, though Germany has an eye on Haifa too; or Jaffa might serve, if one could run to the expense of a breakwater to shelter the cargoes of pilgrims and other goods. But France also wants a railway concession to link up the Syrian railway system—if that can be called a system, which has three different gauges, rival companies like the English, trains as uncertain as the South-Eastern, and lines laid on kilometric guarantee, so that in crossing the flat and burning desert to Aleppo, for instance, they advance by bold, semicircular sweeps, like the Links of Forth.

In return for these services to Catholicism, Turkey requests a loan (it is said she could do with £28,000,000) partly secured on a 4 per cent. addition to the ad valorem duty on imports (making 15 per cent. in all, we suppose), and partly on a tax upon resident foreigners. That tax would not yield much unless missionaries, priests, monks, and nuns were included; and if they were included, would not the Orthodox Greek Churches have something to say about paying a tax for the protector of the Catholic heresy? The Crimean War arose from a similar occasion, a similar wrangle between monks and monks, though less distressing to a sensitive pocket. But that disturbing uncertainty does not immediately concern us now. The main question is what the Jordan Valley Railway Company will do when, in coupling the Lake of Tiberias with the Dead Sea, it has driven its line to Jericho. How it came about that Jericho is always coupled with Putney as a suitable terminus for a large class of passengers is, again, a subordinate matter.

The point in dispute is whether it would be more profitable in the interests of Latin Christianity and finance to tap the fertile valley of the Jordan (1) by carrying a cogwheel railway up the thirteen miles of very steep gradient to Mount Zion, and so reaching the sea by the existing railway from Jerusalem to Jaffa; or (2) by following the longer but easier route to Nablus, and then proceeding along the existing railway to Haifa, a superior port, just north of Mount Carmel, and perhaps diverting the line by a detour so as to include Nazareth. The "Times" appears to favor the latter course, which would omit Jerusalem entirely. "Jerusalem," it remarks, "is a holy city, and for centuries past has occupied a peculiar position. This position does not depend on commerce. It (Jerusalem) is a religious capital, and as such is independent of the ordinary requirements of trade." We are told that even the railway which has been running from Jaffa to Jerusalem for more than twenty years now, does not do so well as was hoped: for the economical pilgrims prefer to walk.

was hoped; for the economical pilgrims prefer to walk.

Of course, what the "Times" says is all true.

Jerusalem has for centuries past occupied a peculiar position—so peculiar that for many of the centuries it was believed to be the centre of the world's flat circle, round which the ocean swept. It is also true that this peculiar position does not depend on commerce. It does not arise from the same causes as Manchester's position, for instance, or Glasgow's. And, being a religious capital, Jerusalem as such is independent of the ordinary requirements of trade. It does not need an extra rail-way, for example, especially as the freight desired for the present railway prefers to walk. In dealing with a city that occupies so peculiar a position, and is so independent of ordinary requirements, the calculations of commerce are upset. The financiers do not know what to make of it. What with the steep gradient and one thing or another, they are inclined to leave Jerusalem out of account in exploiting the Jordan. A holy city is

something to which they are not accustomed, and they prefer to pass it by. They feel like those of whom it was said at an earlier date in the history of the same peculiar place:—

"All that pass by clap their hands at thee; they hiss and wag their head at the daughter of Jerusalem, saying, Is this the city that men call The perfection of beauty, The joy of the whole earth?"

The financiers of the Syrian railway system see no special beauty or joy about a city that would not pay. They wag their heads and pass by, moving along the easier route viā Nazareth, where it is hoped that commerce is not so independent of modern requirements. The Jordan, Jericho, Nazareth, and Mount Carmel will receive the immediate advantages of exploitation. We understand that an eligible site for a casino has already been selected on the summit of Mount Carmel, and will be connected with the quay at Haifa by a funicular. At Nazareth a distillery may be erected for the manufacture of a liqueur to be known as "The Dew of Hermon." From Jericho a pleasure steamer will circumnavigate the Dead Sea at five francs a head, sounding a ram's horn by megaphone at the echoes. Upon the shore a Company has formed the good resolution of developing asphalte works for the pavement of Paris, and a large Spa, with bathing-establishment, is designed hard by, because one of civilisation's diseases has been found to yield very happily to the semi-fossilised sewage of Sodom.

These hopes are not chimerical. Mount Lebanon has already shown the way. There the Syrian pilgrims from Egypt, revisiting the cradle of their race, are borne easily upward from the harbor of Beirut to luxurious hotels where they may flaunt their costumes, cool their wine with the mountain's eternal snow, and enjoy billiard-rooms fitted with cedar. We can find no reason why the Holy Land, properly so called, should not equally provide the requirements of civilisation as well as of commerce. The bare facts of its past history bestow upon it unrivalled advantages as a tourist resort. People like to go to places they know something about, and there is hardly a well-to-do man or woman in Europe who has not heard of Bethlehem, for instance. We are convinced that a great deal might be done for that location in the way of "Fremden Industrie," as the Swiss call it, and when a Syndicate is promoted for its development, we should like to have the writing of its prospectus. Now that the Turkish darkness has been penetrated, and even the Turkish Government recognises the value of enterprise, we foresee a brilliant and lucrative future -a future of cafés, and marble-topped tables, and finely dressed women out-painting Jezebel—for many a mouldering, ancient town over which the voice of lamentation once cried: "Quomodo sedet sola civitas— How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people!"

There may be some, of course, who feel a kind of profanation when scenes that appear almost consecrated by their past are thus invaded by the ordinary requirements of commerce and the public's entertainment. Such scenes move them to a strangely intimate association with bygone deeds or words. They stir a passionate yearning for some vanished personality—someone who seems so closely akin to the better self discerned in the heart that to have known or seen him might have served as a sudden revelation. One has known people who felt this intimate association in Athens, for instance—this desire for their own spiritual kindred, who lived and moved among those sacred hills and plains more than two thousand years ago. The very names were holy to them, the very touch of the places they had touched; just as the Scala Santa, brought of old from Jerusalem to Rome, has been holy to the multitudes who crawled up the steps upon their knees because the soles of Christ's feet perhaps trod that staircase once. In Italy, old Samuel Rogers, becoming for a moment almost a poet, tried, however inadequately, to express the same feeling in the lines:—

"Am I in Italy? Is this the Mincius?
Are those the distant turrets of Verona?
And shall I sup where Juliet at the Masque

Saw her loved Montague, and now sleeps by him? Such questions hourly do I ask myself; And not a stone, in a cross-way, inscribed 'To Mantua'—'To Ferrara'—but excites Surprise, and doubt, and self-congratulation."

It is true that, for most people, this feeling of delighted surprise or of passionate yearning rapidly wears off. In a few days it hardly seems to them incongruous to take the steam-tram from the Parthenon to the Peiræus. They cycle to Eleusis, or visit Marathon in a motor-charabanc as a party of trippers, without a qualm, and thoroughly enjoy the cigar after supping where Juliet saw her loved Montague. In the Holy Land itself, the same is true. Kinglake, being a historian, had as keen a sense of the past as most people, and he visited the country before its exploitation began or Casinos were invented. Yet how jauntily he took it:—

"I passed by Cana and the house in which the water had been turned into wine; I came to the field in which our Savior had rebuked the Scotch Sabbath-keepers of that period, by suffering His disciples to pluck corn on the Lord's Day; I rode over the ground on which the fainting multitude had been fed, and they showed me some massive fragments—the relics, they said, of that wondrous banquet, now turned into stone. The petrifaction was most complete."

And a little further on in "Eothen," writing of Jerusalem itself, he says:—

"If you stay in the Holy City long enough to fall into anything like regular habits of amusement and occupation, and to become, in short, a 'man about town' at Jerusalem, you will necessarily lose the enthusiasm which you may have felt when you trod the sacred soil for the first time, and it will then seem almost strange to you to find yourself so entirely surrounded in all your daily pursuits by the designs and sounds of religion."

But there may be some also to whom the thought of losing that first enthusiasm, even under the blunting influence of regular amusements and occupations, would be painful, if not impossible. Such people, we mean, as would think of the Holy Land much as the Crusaders thought of it—"those holy fields, over whose acres walked those blessed feet, which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nailed, for our advantage, on the bitter cross." To them the Mount Carmel Casino can bring no comfort; they will not change for Nazareth without a pang, nor relish the after-dinner "Dew of Hermon," nor enjoy the ride by motor-'bus to Bethlehem, nor recover health by a course of baths at the Dead Sea Sanatorium. What, then, remains for such? Nothing remains to them but themselves—nothing but the vision of their own. Though Jerusalem is unvisited, by the waters of any Babylon they may still remember the Zion of the soul. Still they may call to their beloved to "look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards." And still in their own hearts they may lift up their eyes to the fills from whence cometh their help.

#### "SOMETHING GOING ON."

We may search the world for wonders and then stand amazed at the first common object that strikes our eyes. Tennyson summed it up in a thought when he apostrophised the "Flower in the crannied wall." Sir Oliver Lodge, strolling this week into the Physiological Section of the British Association, brought forward a perfectly familiar garden phenomenon as "one of the most remarkable object-lessons he had ever received." It was the spectacle of a tree with lemons growing on some branches and oranges on others. He knew quite well that it was a lemon tree grafted with an orange branch, "but how the rising sap flowed up to the juncture of the branches and was there so modified as to produce lemons on one branch and oranges on another he could not say."

There is wonder enough in the eclectic power of plants to get, among them, hundreds of organic chemicals from one tame sample soil of phosphorus, nitrogen, potash, and oxygen. It is generally taken for granted that all this alchemy is done by the roots. The orange branch on the lemon tree has to work through lemon roots. We should expect it to find in the sap

more picric acid than it knew what to do with. It has to distil the principles of sourness into sweetness, substitute for the pallid clinging skin a round and rosy one that slips away from the plump flesh like an easy garment. It has to begin at the very beginning and construct of this life-fluid, prepared for another organism, the delicate sexual dust that shall make its seed oranges for ever without showing trace of their strange nourishment. And the branch of a thousand leaves that does this thing has grown there from a twig the size of a lead pencil, resisting lemonisation from a trunk the size of a man's thigh, growing only the more vigorously orange from the bountifulness of the attack, perhaps crowding out and stifling the lemon branches and making the whole tree orange, so far as its fruits are concerned.

Sir Oliver Lodge came to the consideration of this case of two trees on one root from an even more common, normal, and natural phenomenon, the growing of male and female blossoms on one plant. There is again a fork to which one common sap flows. At the junction "something goes on" that no miscroscope has as yet told us anything about. The sap that goes to the right has to produce a few thousands of those exquisitely organised little bodies known as pollen grains; that which goes to the left, a few still more highly specialised ovules enclosed in an apparatus through which pollen tubes can reach them and complete their function as fruit. Each fruit will contain within it the combined properties of two parents whereout can be unfolded a tree bearing in every inch of its ten thousand feet of timber the stamp of its generic, specific, and individual parentage, the bark of its tribe, the thorns of its species, the protective essence of rubber, gum, or camphor, and, as we can sometimes, but not always, see, the special characteristics that mark it as the offspring of a particular specimen, the Glastonbury thorn or the Boston peach. The fact chosen from the medley of wonders is the prime one of the determination of sex, a process, said Sir Oliver, well worth studying, and one which might throw light on the whole question of sex which he found the Physiological Section discussing.

The graft is an expedient never adopted by Nature. She produces more wonderful results without it, and the unaimed-at results that it gives are even more striking than lemons and oranges upon one tree. Sometimes, instead of the graft taking, a branch issues from the junction between scion and stock. This is fairly well shown to have happened with the laburnum called Cytisus Adami, derived from the graft of the purple upon the yellow laburnum. The result is a tree growing branches with widely differing leaves and flowers in three colors, dingy red, bright yellow, and purple, with sometimes blossoms half-purple and half-yellow. The scion too, it seems, can modify the stock below it. Thus the orange, appropriately called bizarria, was raised in 1644 by a Florence gardener, who said that he grafted a seedling, but the graft died. The stock sprouted and produced the bizarria, a tree on which the bitter orange, the citron, and a fruit compounded of the two, grow side by side. If the modification of the sap demanded by a plain and successful graft is wonderful, what must be the elections postulated by such a derangement of the system as this? Cases exactly parallel are far from common, but it is easy to arrange one nearly like them by slicing in vertical halves a white and a blue hyacinth bulb and growing them with the diverse halves carefully joined, or by treating in the same way a red and a white potato. In one case the spike of blossom, in the other case the young tubers, will be sharply particolored, while, very rarely, a single blossom of the hyacinth will be half-white and half-blue.

Nature can produce these strange results without the rough and blundering surgical operation of the graft. Thus she has given, not once but many times, nectarines on the branches of peach trees. There were no nectarines until the peach trees produced them, though the stones of these frolic peaches produce nectarines after their own kind. Nowadays, Nature bids her nectarine trees produce occasional peaches. In fact, it is evident that she places far less store on the difference between these fruits than we do. It is not true that the

nectarine is a hybrid peach, unless it is also true that the visit of an insect to a single blossom can modify the tissues of a whole branch, for when a tree begins to sport, it produces the new fruit in numbers annually on a given part of the tree, and sometimes the whole tree changes from peach to nectarine. There is occasionally also a fruit like half a peach and half a nectarine joined The sap that ought to have made its clear choice at the flower-stalk has evidently put off its decision to the very last moment, and then issued a

minority report.

Yet are these sports, of which the nectarine is a mere example, really given us by Nature in any other sense than the more constant results of a graft? They occur most richly, or perhaps entirely under artificial conditions. The tree that is pruned and trained and dug-about and manured, and the plant of any kind that is guarded and favored in the soil of a garden, must be expected to act in some strange and doubtful way. is quite easy to understand that the orange bizarria, polluted by a graft that had died, produced its strange crop owing to a species of nervous prostration, or at any rate pathogenically. Even a leaf inserted by its footstalk in the bark of a tree has been known to cause that tree to bear variegated leaves, and the lopping of a tree considerably modifies the shape of its leaves and of its fruit. The latest biological dogma forbids us to say that it can alter the embryo. It may very well turn out, however, that that dogma is wrong. Certainly the embryo has been altered by the causes, whatever they may be, that make many artificially cultured species produce sports that come true to seed.

If the microscope is trained on the wrong spot, we shall see nothing. Let us take the suggestion that the lemon-tree sap is modified at the junction of the orange branch. As it flows on, let us intercept it with a graft upon a graft, lemon upon orange. It must be modified again, for certainly lemons will grow on that grafted And if we say that the sap becomes male at the foot of a male flower-stalk, someone may graft a female flower in its place, and refute us with seed. We have not got our problem within the field of a microscope yet. Something very definite takes place in the roots, for if a certain system of roots be strong, the tree runs to leaf, and if another system be strong, it runs to fruit. Something, too, takes place at the tips of the twigs, for plenty of sun will produce more blossom than dull Sex may be all one, though the two halves are on twigs an inch apart. The two halves of a double star are forty million miles apart. And Tennyson did not say his flower would teach us what God and man are, but what God and man is.

#### HYPER-PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

SCIENCE, when she doeth alms, letteth not her left hand know what her right hand doeth. Her very servants must often remain ignorant of the labors of those who are toiling even in the next camp; and much less can the public follow their intricate burrowings—it must merely stand at the pit's mouth to watch with curiosity the great nuggets being brought up from below. this reason, the presidential addresses of the British Association—annual occasions when the ore is assayed, weighed, and valued—are of great interest to the world in general, attending to hear the tally read out. The address of this year at Birmingham was not disappointing, if only because it was given by one of the most distinguished and respected of our men of science (I would like to use a warmer word); and because, besides being a man of science, he is also a philosopher, and one who has ventured upon the boldest of flights toward that biological æther, the "discarnate intelligence."

The addresses are intended for future discussion, and I will, therefore, try to present as best I can a brief analysis of Sir Oliver Lodge's great speech. He begins, with the mingled wisdom and humor of a true guide, to help us up the rocky ascent to that most sublime peak of modern science, where thought and experience are toiling together to discover the very nature of inanimate

entities. This is the highest of high science, where he himself is a foremost worker, and where we others, who are engaged merely on the humble ticketings and classifyings of subscience, pant at following him. imagine no work so magnanimous, nor so magnificent. It is not a mere handling of lumps of things, whether seen by the eye or by the microscope, but an analytical divination of particles which are as numerous in a drop of water as (according to him) drops of water are in the ocean-and, still further, the divination of that uniform continuity which we think must lie between these ultimate discontinuities. We enter here upon the eternal paradox which confronts us everywhere, even in our own every-day experience—that everything is limited, and yet that beyond everything is always something, so that everything is unlimited, whether in the infinitely great or in the infinitely little. But still the bounds of thought and experiment are here being pushed further and further—outwards into the Great and inwards into the Small; and even on that peak, though the ground may be frozen and the air almost unbreathable, we can still stand and breathe.

From this point, however, with a gentle but persistent courage, our guide would take us up higher still. But we must now demand wings. Our heart quails, and we prefer to sit on the ground and argue the case while he makes the attempt by himself. And the discussion is not easy to abstract. Our guide's discourse is in the reading place and continuous c is, in the reading, clear and continuous enough, but is, in the reading, clear and continuous enough, but in the crucible of scrutiny the meaning is often apt (at least for some of us) to evaporate—like the æther which "eludes our laboratory grasp," but, possibly, like the æther also in that it is none the less real for all that. We find great difficulty in taking hold, and seem to be eternally climbing a crumbling Our foothold is secure enough so long as we surface. have to deal only with the physical part of the speech. We understand the author when he says that he cannot we understand the author when he says that he cannot admit discontinuity in either space or time, nor "the exertion of mechanical force across empty space"—when he detects the ather as "essential to continuity," as "the one all-permeating substance that binds the whole of the particles of matter together." And we follow him when he describes the difficulty of observing it owing to this very "extreme owningspace and it owing to this very "extreme omnipresence and uniformity," to the absence of any "flaw or jar or change" in it, to its utter smoothness, in fact. But we are not so happy when he would have us rise with him from this comfortable material position into what seems to be, if I judge aright, a hypothetical wther of Life. Especially do we tremble when he declares, like a true guide, that "we are deaf and blind to the immanent grandeur around us, unless we have insight enough to recognise, &c." Ah, that word insight! We begin to suspect a philosophical analogy, and we grip tightly with head and that the recognise and the state of with hand and toes to every jag and stone within reach.
Yes, it is quite true, as the address lays down, that

science is stronger in affirmations than in negations; and the public hearing this cries, "Ah, science cannot deny; we may then believe what we like." But let us look a little further. The patient investigator rarely dares to declare the *impossibility* of an occurrence—his fingers have been too often burned by the unexpected. But he often does assert, after fully weighing evidence, the improbability of one. He even measures the degree of improbability in numbers, and clearly recognises that the impossible is only the improbable of a very high order. For instance, who can say that there are no elephants in the moon? We can only aver for several reasons that these animals probably do not exist there—quite another thing. Yet this confusion of impossible and improbable is found everywhere, even in philosophy; and it springs from the difficulty in quantitative reasoning, which is a natural defect of many minds. Such minds, then, frequently go further, and say my proposition cannot be absolutely denied; it must therefore be true." But a negative infinity, a zero, and a positive infinity exist between the two.

At another point, Sir Oliver, in discussing merely physical and chemical explanations of things, exclaims,

"Do they account for our own feeling of joy and exaltation, for our sense of beauty, for the manifest beauty existing throughout Nature?" I think that it would be quite easy to construct a very good theory, on the basis of evolution, to account for these things, and indeed I fancy that it has already been done. But even if we cannot so account for them, does that prove that any other explanation, say one on the basis of a designed creation of these qualities within us, is true? Science and dogma are not such complemental opposites of each other that the failure of one necessarily implies the success of the other. Science may fail, and continue to fail, without giving any vantage to dogma. We are asked in the address what utilitarian object is subserved by the beauty of a landscape or of clouds. Well, I think by the beauty of a landscape or of clouds. Well, I think that I could (at some length) suggest possible utilitarian objects subserved by a capacity for enjoying the beauty of such and of other things. Nay, I could even suggest that untruth itself has served a directly useful purpose in the evolution of man. My ideas might be wrong, it is true; but their wrongness would not prove the rightness of someone else's ideas. The truth may lie outside both of us. Except in the rare case of two complemental propositions, we are not logically justified in saying, "You cannot explain this phenomenon, or you cannot prove that hypothesis; therefore my explanation, or my hypothesis, is true." We must not even say, "You cannot disprove this theorem of mine; it is therefore true." There is a non sequitur in both. The alleged failure of science to explain beauty or, say, the "deeper meaning" of things (whatever the deeper meaning of this phrase may be) does not help to prove anything except the present insufficiency of knowledge. I cannot see, therefore, that this argument assists the main hypothesis of the address.

That hypothesis seems to me to be summed up in the statement that "to explain the psychical in terms of physics and chemistry is simply impossible." The last word is an absolute one—at the end of negative infinity—not "troublesome" or "difficult." But surely we have here an extreme example of that very comprehensive denial against which the President himself warned us so strongly. The word is essential to the point of his argument. Not only can we not explain the psychical in such terms at present, but we shall never be able to do so, he says—the thing is impossible. And yet, conversely, we are not to be allowed to say that a life-æther or a discarnate intelligence are impossible. No—really, I for one must reject both of these comprehensive denials. We may admit that we cannot so explain the psychical as yet, but I can see no reason why we may not be able to do so some day.

Physiological and comparative psychology are progressing rapidly—in terms of physics and chemistry. The wonderful mechanism of the brain is being more and more analysed—in terms of physics and chemistry. We have taken many of the outworks and are approaching the keep. Who shall say that we can never take the latter also? Indeed, our very rapid advance during the last half-century is itself a good augury for ultimate success, against which the hyperphysicists can set nothing but a comprehensive—and pragmatic—denial. If, then, the word impossible must be deleted, what remains of their present argument? We stand just where we did; that is, we must continue our physical and chemical investigations.

On the other hand, Sir Oliver Lodge is, of course, perfectly justified in undertaking any experiments he pleases on the hyperphysical side. But on this side there is a great danger which does not exist on the other side, and which always imperils the truth. The instruments are apt to be biassed; for it is not for nothing that we play this hazard. It is not for nothing that we play this hazard. It is not for nothing that we seek evidence of a nobler birthright than is possessed by the clods at our feet. Who but a fool does not desire these things—and who but the wisest has the strength to resist the subtle leaven of that desire? It is not easy

"Untainted Truth to know
From that fair face of Lies
Whose heavenly features glow
Like Truth's, save in the eyes."
Indeed, in such inquiries we are too often offered the

Indeed, in such inquiries we are too often offered the bribe of a blank cheque on Eternity, and only the strongest pause to inquire whether it can be dishonored. But this need not deter honest inquiry in any direction.

RONALD ROSS.

# Short Studies.

#### HAPPINESS.

Miss Taylor is the dressmaker of the Quarter. She would be the last to set herself up as a rival to Jay & Redfern, whose carts are sometimes seen on our terrace. It is doubtful whether, under any circumstances, she could have developed into a Worth. But when it comes to what she calls "odd jobs"—to putting a new braid on a skirt or a new trimming on a bodice—she can hold her own with anybody, and for these services she charges a sum I blush to pay.

She lives in one of the shabby little houses in the shabby little street with the tumbled roofs my windows overlook. Once I watched a pair of young lovers turn a garret down there into Paradise. But I could not imagine Miss Taylor making a Heaven of the much more respectable ground floor, where she presides as her own sweater. The sun rarely gets into her stuffy front parlor, which, whenever I visit it, reeks of the stale greens of her daily dinner, mingled with the centuries' dust in the woollen curtains at her window. In winter a few coals smoulder in the grate. At all seasons a group of pink and white vases decorates the mantelpiece, with the yellowing photograph of a parson in surplice hanging above on one side, and a funeral wreath bulging frame on the other. A very old lady, as driedup and silent as a mummy, sits in the far corner, a dressmaker's form faces her, scraps of silk and cloth litter the floor, and if my visit happens to be timed for four o'clock, a couple of big, thick white teacups are set out on the marble-topped centre table. Miss Taylor is what you would expect from her surroundings. She looks as unaired as her room, as worn-out as her furniture, though I do not suppose she is much over fifty. Her rusty black dress is of an ample Victorian cut, the bodice is low at the neck, and a piece of narrow black velvet, fastened by a steel star in front, encircles her poor wrinkled throat.

To me Miss Taylor, in her gentility, was for long the most depressing figure in the Quarter. Even the forlorn, frowsy women in our own particular slum seemed better off, for they have the chance of occasional oblivion in the public-house, or even the little slavies in her street, who can enliven their labors by an occasional gossip with the milkman or the butcher's boy. These are distractions denied to a woman of Miss Taylor's irreproachable respectability, and for any others she has neither the time nor the money. I used to ask myself how she could endure the dreariness of her life, and altogether I could not have gone to her again but for the certainty that the thought of her with one "odd job" the less must be still more unendurable. I never invited her confidence, fearing it might deepen the impression of gloom, and she having been brought up with the proper British contempt for her own class, knew her place too well to offer it. Our conversation was confined strictly to business, and I seldom caught her venturing beyond, "It will be as good as new, madam." or "It will look sweetly madam."

as new, madam," or "It will look sweetly, madam."

But one morning, without any apparent reason, unless because it was spring, and a coster with a basket of daffodils was crying "Penny a market bunch!" down the shabby little street, and she suddenly discovered I was an American, Miss Taylor began to talk of her early life. I had thought, if I had thought about it at all, that nothing short of a couple of generations of London

fog and genteel poverty could have produced quite such a parchment skin, quite so rusty a black gown. But the memories with which she honored me carried her back to the village where she was born.

"Do you know it, madam?" she interrupted her story to ask.

It happened that I did. During one long July my favorite walk in the cool of the late afternoon was from C.—— across the fragrant meadows to the quiet - across the fragrant meadows to the quiet village, with its old houses hidden behind high walls, and its ancient church hidden among limes, and its grey village cross where the villagers loitered of a Sunday evening after service. And though this had been years and years before, my memory of it was still fresh and sunny and sweet, and made Miss Taylor's dingy parlor the dingier.

Her confidence did not end here. She had too little the habit of talk to know where to stop once she got started. She went on to tell me that, when she was a mere child, one of the Canons at the Cathedral in - asked her mother—the mummy in the corner, but then a brisk middle-aged widow in need of workto come to him as housekeeper. His house was in the Close, and for nine months in the year he was away and it was theirs. The mother could hardly refuse. "It was such a pleasant home for us," Miss Taylor explained.
I thought pleasant a mild word as I recalled the

Close, where I had lived that July, and the Canon's great Georgian house, and the grey mass of the Cathedral opposite, and the beautiful tower springing up into the blue air, and the bells chiming their old hymn tunes, and the anthem floating from the open windows, and the

rooks cawing about their nests in the golden evening.

Miss Taylor, I am afraid, remembered less t charm of the Cathedral town and the Cathedral Close than her good fortune in having the months of the Canon's absence to devote to learning how to sew and to dress hair, and to fit herself to become a lady's-maid. This was the height of her ambition. Her mother had served as parlor-maid in the big house near B—, and she could conceive of no more splendid destiny than to serve there too, though in a higher capacity. At the end of eight years she was old enough and accomplished enough to begin her duties, the place was promised herand then the Canon died, his successor dismissed her mother who, losing her common sense with the pleasant home she had counted upon as hers for life, grew hysterical, would not work for anybody else, refused to be left alone, and Miss Taylor, a dutiful daughter, put aside her own hopes and ambitions and took in sewing to support them both. There was not much sewing to take -; things went badly with her, and like so many others with whom things go badly, she drifted up to London. There, somehow, she managed to get a few odd jobs of dressmaking, and she was settled in the shabby little house in the shabby little street before she knew it, her career postponed indefinitely. Once, only once she went back to C—.

"I couldn't bear it, Madam," she said. "And when I went to the church I was christened in and I'd allus gone to as a child, it came over me as how I hadn't done nothink of what I meant to, and I burst out crying "the tears were running down her face as she told the story —"and the folks stared, and I couldn't stay. But you mustn't think I'm complaining, Madam. I've enough odd jobs to get along. And of course I couldn't leave mother. But when she's gone, Madam, then, Madam, I can begin the work I'm trained to do, and go out as lady's-maid."

I looked at the mummy in the corner. She seemed to me not a bit readier to leave it than the mummies in the British Museum are to get up out of their cases. I looked at Miss Taylor—she was as likely to get "odd jobs" to do in the moon as to find the mistress who would employ her as maid. But what matter! She does not think so. She has not a doubt of her future. It is not the magic of patience, with which we credit the sweated and the starved, that reconciles her to existence; it is the magic of make-believe. She does not see in her face "the map of days outworn," nor in herself the dressmaker I know. She is not conscious of the smell of greens and dust, of the poverty-stricken room, of the shabby house in the shabby street. As she sits there stitching, she has put on a neat white apron over the rusty gown, a smart white cap over the the rusty gown, a smart white cap over the chignon. She breathes perfume-laden air, she trips over soft carpets, she moves in luxuriance and warmth. When she draws the curtain at the window, it is to gaze out upon princely parks and flower-filled gardens. She lives not for what she does, but for what she dreams. I understand now, and, understanding, begin to suspect that so far from being the most depressing figure in the Quarter, she is really the happiest.

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

# The Brama.

#### A TRAGEDY OF PITY.

"The Fugitive." By John Galsworthy. Produced at the Court Theatre,

CLAUDE KING.
IRENE ROOKE.
NIGE. PLAYFAIE.
ALMA MUERAY.
A. HYLTON ALLEN.
LERLIE REA.
ESTELLE WINWOOD.
J. H. ROBERTS.
CHARLES GROVES.
MILTON ROSMER.
MYS. A. B. TAPPING. General Sir Charles I.
Lady Dedmond ...
Reginald Huntingdon
Edward Fullarton ...
Dorothy Fullarton ...
Twisden ...
Haywood ...
Malise ...
Mrs. Miler ... ...

Mr. Galsworthy is surely the very Genius of Pity. ever the beaten cause appealed to any man, it is to him. The world's force and cunning, the successful man's capacity of measuring his strength against the weakness of the man and the successful man's of the mass, are all repellent to him. He has not Mr. Shaw's pleasure in conceiving life as a battle-ground for keen, alert intelligences-Shaws and Shawesses-with sufficient power of will and knowledge to pull them through. He sees it as a cruel, almost a bestial, encounter of sexual or economic or social forces, in which the weaker go to the wall, less with a cry of suffering than with the sigh of almost uncomplaining endurance. This was the motive almost uncomplaining endurance. This was the motive of his finest play, "The Silver Box," it recurs in that greatly under-valued work, "The Pigeon," and now again in "The Fugitive." Rare as is this compassionate mind, it is rarer still to see it adapt itself to the hard, finished machinery of our modern stage. It cannot always move freely in this crude medium, and thus the emotions which it stirs in the sensitive bosom now and then fail to yield their complete effect and satisfaction. For in order to touch them dramatically in "The Fugitive," Mr. Galsworthy has been obliged to put back the scene and atmosphere of his play, though not its time, to Victorian days. In Clare Dedmond, he has drawn a most pathetic figure. She is not a mere hysterical Frou-Frou. She is good, she is kind, she is honest, she is sweet-tempered. But she is so empty of resource that it is with an effort that one banishes the vision of the young woman of to-day, and fixes it on this beautiful, helpless creature. Mr. Galsworthy places her in surroundings well calculated to bring about her downfall—a dull, unsympathetic husband, a tedious mēnage, and the round of empty pleasures which very faintly lightens it. She rebels against the moral and the physical ties of such a lot, but so aimlessly, so weakly, that she has no more chance of success than a band of naked savages rushing on a battery of Maxims. "Too fine, but not fine enough," is her friend's judgment of her in a phrase that gives away the secret of the play. Such things do happen. Indeed, a host of ghostly victims might well arise and say of Clare Dedmond that their shipwreck was worse than hers. And so far as the spectators' pity sanctifies Mr. Galsworthy's picture of haplessness, it is a success of morals and of artistry. "Why is the world so hard?" the kind-hearted man is always disposed to ask. And fresh meaning and purpose are given to these misgivings when the artist exhibits its ruthlessness for what it is.

The question for the critic therefore is whether the coloring of Mr. Galsworthy's study is deep enough, or

the drawing traced with a firm enough hand. The fineness of Clare's character lies in her refusal to take when From her husband she will accept she cannot give. nothing because she cannot give love; from her lover nothing when she cannot render help; from a kind-hearted rake not even disinterested charity, so that her last desperate resolve is to sell herself, earning wages of the dust, if the world will not take her wages of the dust, if the world will not take her poor hand's labor. She has made a conventional marriage. Tolstoy has shown the torment and the baseness such a physical attachment may be when jealousy shakes and finally rends it. But Clare Dedmond's troubles are of the nature of discontents, the discontents of refined and honest natures. She is bored and she has ceased to love, and therefore the bodily tie has become intolerable. She is beautiful, "made for love." as Maliae has friend and afterwards made for love," as Malise, her friend, and afterwards her lover, tells her, and without a single practical accomplishment. So her first quest is for sympathy. She gets it from a struggling literary man, but too dangerously near a love which she cannot then share. Then she tries work as a saleswoman. But she is found out by her husband's friends, and driven back to—love. But love of a half-hearted, half-baked man, hard-driven in his fight for bread and recognition. Again the hunt is up. Her husband will now divorce her and crush her lover, who is not all her lover, with the costs. She has brought him "prettiness," but hardly a marriage of minds; so that when his proprietors tell him that they cannot afford a co-respondent on their staff, her old conscientiousness will not let her drag him down. Thus she drifts out of his life, as she had drifted into it, and the hunt gets hotter than ever. "Whither go? Where drifts out of his life, as she had united that got hunt gets hotter than ever. "Whither go? Where stay?" is the ancient dramatic cry of the afflicted, the pursued of the gods. Another interval of hopeless labor, ending in sheer starvation; and Clare turns at last to the "fast" restaurant, and the love that is bought and sold there. The hunt is that is bought and sold there. The hunt is very near the "kill." A "nice" boy accosts her, as she sits dazed and white and piteously offering herself, learns the story of this victim dressed for the sacrifice, is touched by it, and proposes at least a respectful amour. But coarser flesh presses on to the pursuit; and Clare realises where, for her at least, that sort of life must end. So she takes poison, to the sound of a huntinghorn and a jovial band of revellers in the next room, singing, "This day a stag must die."

The drama is one of sensibility, and the force of its

appeal must depend in some degree on whether the author makes us feel that Clare's fate was inevitable. In her actual surroundings, that does not quite appear. A Shavian Clare would have wrested a handsome alimony from her husband, as the price of half-a-dozen years of much-enduring housekeeping, and, with all her reserve and timidities, she might have had recourse to her not unkindly step-father and mother. Her tragedy, therefore, is more one of temperament than of necessity. There is indeed a sense in which a rather more kindly world than this might have no great need for so fragile a creature as But to minds as fine as Mr. Galsworthy's, society is judged by its oppressions of the weak, not by its occasional vindication of the strong. He sees that delicacy does not thrive in it; that its victims are the more scrupulous and the more lovable. In the charwoman of "The Silver Box," Mr. Galsworthy made a vivid and enduring study of the meekness whose hard lot draws the strongest fibres of his heart. Clare Dedmond is not quite such a study; and "The Fugitive" on a whole suffered, I thought, from being rather under-played, though in the last Act Clare's misery is portrayed by Miss Rooke with a true artist's depth and reserve of feeling and expression. It would have been more continuously arresting had it all been written with the close, intense workmanship of that Act. There every moment is fraught with meaning; and Clare becomes at last a figure of tragic and terrible significance. Such a scene in itself would make the fortunes of many plays. But, indeed, Mr. Galsworthy's genius is of the rare quality which readily draws you by its sheer fineness.

And who, knowing the world, will say that its sensitiveness to the hard things which men and women do to each other in the clash of their lives together is overdone?

H. W. M.

# Letters to the Editor.

# LIBERAL WOMEN AND THE VOTE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir.,—When Mr. Raffety asks women who though Liberals—and perhaps because they are Liberals—ardently desire "some measure for the enfranchisement of women" to appreciate "the general interest of Liberal principles" and work for Liberals who refuse that enfranchisement, does he consider what would have been the answer of an earnest Radical in the days before the Reform Bill of 1832, had he been asked to support a Liberal Party who refused to abolish rotten boroughs and enfranchise the great industrial towns, and the answer of an agricultural laborer, who claimed a vote in 1885, had he been asked to vote for an eminent Liberal who denied his claim? This may be a woman's point of view, but it is human, and not to be got over.—Yours, &c., KATE COURTNEY OF PENWITH.

September 15th, 1913.

## ARMAMENTS AND PEACE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I am indebted to Sir William Byles for under-lining what he describes as "the most fruitful word in my letter" in your issue of the 30th ult.-that in which I spoke of international goodwill and good faith and common interest as the real factors in the solution of the problem of armaments. I wrote to state my difficulties about your solution of that problem, which I took to be an illusory solution, by which you proposed to give us, at a comparatively small cost, entire material security from the perils of war. You replied by asking me whether the recent vast increase of our armaments has in fact given us more sense of security or made us the readier for humane interventions in the world, and whether no one nation is to begin the opposite policy of reduction—exactly as if I were a mere big navy advocate! My contention, broadly, is that militarism can never solve its own problem to the end of time; it can only aggravate it. The solution must be political, that is, moral-a solution in the outlook and spirit of the peoples and their governments-and any solutions which look merely to re-arrangements of the material forces such as will guarantee our absolute material security are essentially futile. There is no absolute material security, dear or cheap, and it is well there should be none, so that we may be driven to seek a better security in reason, in agreement, in those interests which are not merely national but human. It seems to me to weaken, and partly to surrender, our pacifist case, in which we owe so much to THE NATION, if the people are led to believe that a moderately cheap coastguard can secure our peace and make us independent of agreement with the rest of the world; and your article seemed to me to point to that.

On one point, indeed, you do propose to rely on international agreement, if such an agreement were made—the immunity of private property at sea. That would be an agreement, not for the prevention of war, but for the mere limitation of a war in process; a very different thing, and a very dubious thing, for such an absolute reliance as you propose to place on it. Does the corresponding immunity for private property on land deter a besieging army from interfering with a city's supplies of food, and would the case be different if these islands were under siege? We cannot afford, as pacifists, to be simpletons in these matters.

I have read Sir William Byles's plea for international agreements with entire and cordial consent; but I do not think we can rest in the attitude indicated in his words: "I will not myself enter on the material side of the argument." We who care for peace cannot relinquish "the material side," as we are commonly inclined to do, to those

who have regard only to the material side, and who will lead us always further into the futility of estimates growing ad infinitum. The question indeed is of the ideal we look to; but in the interests of the attainment of that ideal we must face also the question, What we are to do now with the Navy—what is to be our naval policy to-day in the grievous circumstances of to-day, even while we are looking to to-morrow? In this, as in every specific issue of practical politics, the question for the citizen, which he must ask, though he can, at the best, only very partially answer it, is, What would I do if I were Prime Minister?

If we are to have a Navy at all, it must, as things now stand, be a great Navy; it must be costly. That being admitted, I submit that our contentions in the matter, as pacifists, ought to be: First, that the greatness and cost of the Navy offer to us no solution whatever of the ultimate problem of the world's peace, for which we must look quite elsewhere; our only real security is in a positive, not merely a negative, peace. Secondly, that the Navy must not be estimated for on the illusory basis of an absolute material security and world-dominance, so as to foreclose the whole problem. And, thirdly, that, in proportion as international moral securities are developed, by treaties and by international commerce and comity, the merely material securities, and verify them just in the measure in which we cease to rely on anything else. These contentions do not prescribe a definite policy—but they suggest the lines of one; and no nation in the world has the qualifications of our own for its adoption.

Armaments, so far as there must be armaments, are the scales on the bud; they must be strong enough for its protection in winter, but not strong enough for its imprisonment in spring, and as the bud breaks and swells to a flower, the scales must fall away; and the bud is the people's security and peace and fullness of life.—Yours, &c.,

PAX

Stanley, Perthshire, September 16th, 1913.

# THE EXPERIMENTAL DROWNING OF DOGS. To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—In the matter of the drowning experiments performed upon dogs by Sir Edward Schäfer, to which Mr. George Greenwood alludes in your issue of September 6th, the peculiarly distressing feature was that the Professor asked for, and received, without let or hindrance from the Home Office, permission to drown and resuscitate and drown again the same dog without any anesthetics.

In my evidence before the Royal Commission (Q. 10,915 et sequitur), my attack upon the Home Office for allowing such dreadful experiments was met by a statement from the Home Office official (sitting as Commissioner to advise upon his own conduct) that the Professor stated that, as a fact, he had not actually done to the dogs the deeds he had received leave to do.

The dogs themselves could not give evidence as to what they suffered, and the uncorroborated statements, given at second hand, of a man whose conduct is publicly impugned need not be regarded as of more or of less value before a Royal Commission than before a Court of Justice.

The fact remains, and cannot be denied, that the Home Office permitted the drowning, the resuscitation, and the re-drowning of live dogs without ansesthetics; and that, in considering the conduct of the Home Office, it is immaterial whether the Professor did or did not actually perform these detestable experiments. If he did not do them, it only shows that the vivisectors themselves are sometimes more humane than the Home Office officials, and that permission is given to them to perpetrate cruelties which, as they are as a fact not performed, are not even necessary for the object in view.

—Yours. &c..

STEPHEN COLERIDGE.

 Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W. September 15th, 1913.

## To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sm,—The only question of fact at issue between Mr. Greenwood and myself can now, I think, be cleared up completely. By the phrasing of his original charge against Sir

Edward Schäfer, Mr. Greenwood misled me as, I think, he must have misled many others. When he said that Sir Edward "subjected dogs to all the agonies of drowning in the course of a series of experiments," I believed that he intended to convey to the public the impression that these dogs in general suffered agonies, whereas I knew that, in point of fact, all were anæsthetised. I was in error, however, when I said that all were completely anæsthetised. Like Mr. Greenwood, I have been away from books, and I now find, on detailed reference, that two dogs of the whole thirty-six were partially, and not fully, anæsthetised, and in the following circumstances:—

In his main series of experiments, Professor Schäfer only drowned completely anæsthetised dogs. The results of the experiments were in some respects revolutionary—they were opposed to existing theory and practice, and went counter to what may be called vested interests, in the shape of costly and widespread but erroneous life-saving literature. At that stage it was still possible to suggest that his discoveries in anæsthetised dogs were not strictly valid for the case of non-anæsthetised drowned men. To meet this, Professor Schäfer, acting under a special certificate granted to him, as the Home Secretary said in his place in Parliament, "in view of the great importance of the subject in connection with the saving of human life," drowned two dogs not fully anæsthetised. No doubt the passage in Professor Schäfer's evidence before the Commission, to which Mr. Greenwood refers in his last letter, is that in which he says: "I therefore got permission from the Home Secretary to do ten experiments without anæsthetics, and I did two." But Mr. Greenwood might also have found, on referring to Professor Schäfer's written account of these experiments, that both these two dogs had been previously anæsthetised, that in each case the animal was allowed to recover from the anæsthetic, but not completely, and that it was then submerged and drowned without any attempt at recovery (Recovery from drowning is probably painful, as drowning itself is probably not). Sir Edward Schäfer, before the itself is probably not). Sir Edward Schäfer, before the Commission, quite frankly spoke of these two stupefied dogs as being not anæsthetised.

Now, if Mr. Greenwood defends himself from the charge of misrepresentation by claiming that he referred only to these two dogs in his attack upon Sir Edward Schäfer, I accept that, of course, as having been his intention, and I admit that his words, though they contain unfair suggestions, are so drafted as to be verbally accurate upon inspection, if we overlook his rhetoric about "all the agonies." But I still hold him guilty, since he asks my opinion, of very serious negligence. His words do not express the truth to the public he addressed, and it was surely his business, in his self-imposed task, not to mislead those less well-informed than him-

self.

Mr. Greenwood now further says that he does not believe these experiments were necessary to "demonstrate the efficiency" of the Schäfer method of life-saving. This easy disparagement of Sir Edward Schäfer's patient and unpaid work is lamentable. It shows, in the first place, that Mr. Greenwood thinks nothing of the Professor's intelligence, for he accuses him of misapplied energy. It shows also that he has understood nothing of the experiments which he publicly criticises. They were not done to demonstrate the efficiency of the method; that was demonstrated upon human volunteers in another series of careful studies. were used to elucidate certain intricate internal processes, as to which, in place of old ignorance, we now have knowledge, good for all future time. This is knowledge by which human beings have been already—and for generations, maybe—helped back from the very brink of death. Mr. Greenwood's training has not allowed him to be a better judge than Sir Edward Schäfer as to whether this knowledge could otherwise have been gained. It is knowledge at all events that mankind has been waiting for since the Deluge. And now that we have this boon, and recovered lives have testified to it, it is not Mr. Greenwood's judgment nor his mercy that I admire, but only his courage, when, as a legislator, with full access to all the facts of the case, he is able to express the belief that Schäfer's work is such as to "do infinite harm to humanity."-Yours, &c.,

W. M. FLETCHER,

Trinity College, Cambridge. September 14th, 1913.

#### "THE WESLEYAN NEW YEAR"-AND AFTER. To the Editor of THE NATION.

-While one cannot but sympathise Harlow's buoyant appreciation of the tone of the recent Wesleyan Conference, and his anticipation of coming conquests for Methodism, I think that those who look ahead must feel that by far the most significant act of the Conference was the endorsement, by such an overwhelming

majority, of Professor Jackson's appointment.

Now that the tumult and the shouting are dying away, the real deep significance of the vote is apparent. The Conference has affirmed the right of a Wesleyan minister to completely deny the miraculous element in the Old Testament. Professor Jackson's assertion that the thunders and audible voice of God, pictured at Sinai, in Exodus, are simply "poetic accessories," sweeps away the miraculous in the most crucial case in the Old Testament. Put this alongside his assertion of the inaccuracy of the eschatology of Jesus, when he says, "to our Lord Himself we must trace the general expectation of the first Christians concerning speedy consummation of all things" and you have in a nutshell the real significance of the book. It means that Methodism has to face a very serious reconstruction of its thought, and no amount of philanthropic and religious activity will cause thoughtful men to ignore the inner tremors .- Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD STEPHENS.

9, Stafford Road, Brighton. September 15th, 1913.

#### CONSCRIPTION IN NEW ZEALAND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

-The letter of Mr. Cecil B. Thornton, in your issue of September 6th, gives a temperate account of his views of the facts about New Zealand opinion in regard to the Defence Act. He is a strong believer in the militant axiom, Si vis pacem para bellum-a false axiom-the true reading of which, recently deciphered in certain ancient MSS. of history and experience by pilgrims on Mount Zion, is Si vis pacem para [pacem si bellum] bellum, the three words omitted by the war people making all the difference. Preparation for war breeds the spirit of war, and, ere long, brings the fact of war . . . and ruins the nations.

But, farther, Mr. Thornton's assertions undermine his

whole case. If the Territorial movement is as popular as he alleges, why resort to force to keep it going? tion always lowers the quality of service in any organisation in which it is applied, for it ignores the strongest influence toward good work-viz., the ardent interest of the worker in what he is doing. To compel any man to engage in mili-tary training when his heart is not in it, and perhaps is bitterly opposed to it, is a mistake in policy, and, what is worse, is absolutely contrary to the true principles of

liberty.

The New Zealand press, as a whole, hotly favors the ence Act. It does not follow that the people of the Defence Act. Dominion share the newspaper view. While the supporters of the Act feel it necessary to be continually assuring themselves and everybody else that everybody is quite satisfied with it, that the number of prosecutions under the Act is quite insignificant, and that the opposition all comes from a handful of irresponsible nobodies, it looks as if they did not feel quite so certain about it as they would like to be. Yours, &c.,

W. STEADMAN ALDIS.

Tenterden, September 14th, 1913.

#### SOME IDEAS OF MONARCHS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—In your admirable and very informing article, "The Mob Monarchists," in last week's NATION, you show convincingly, as, I think, it has not been shown before in the press, the exact position of the Sovereign in the present crisis, and also give him the credit which is his due in regard to his great capacity, a priceless inheritance from his father, who, in the words of the "Times" (May, 1910), was "one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of our Kings."

For the benefit of those who may not have seen your very remarkable "Mob Monarchists" article, may I be allowed to quote from it these few lines?

"If the King took sides in State politics, his personality would cease to have the kind of sentimental and emotional sanctity which is its shield, and would come into the political arena as one of the elements of the struggle, and indeed as the most vital element of all. As things stand, the King avoids this dangerous clash by exercising privately, and without the knowledge of more than a few score persons, great powers of persuasive criticism, modification, and delay. By dint of these he makes his character felt, and gives it the weight of the traditional, though now modified authority of dint of these he makes his character felt, and gives it the weight of the traditional, though now modified authority of the Crown. If he were persuaded to add to these functions a claim to reject the advice of his Ministers on the counsels of the Opposition, and thus to stand between a Ministry and the House of Commons, which gave them its confidence, the status of the Monarchy would immediately become a matter of controversy. For everybody knows that the force thus invoked would, in the nature of things, be a Conservative force. That, indeed, is the reason why the King is being thus grossly tempted to betray his Ministry."

I should like to see the above passage reproduced in the Conservative Press, for there can be no question of its

accuracy.

There would appear to be people who imagine that, by presenting the King with a document naïvely "requesting" (1) him to do so-and-so, his Majesty will forthwith leap into the breach, and thus heroically save the situation! These well-meaning, but injudicious, requisitionists are laboring under a delusion. In constitutional countries violent changes in the order of things are not effected in this easy

There are, I know, people who imagine the King to be somewhat of an automaton—an easy-going Monarch who, "to save trouble," as they say in the cricket practice ground, would readily grant the mild "request" of a group of petitioners that, on the occasion of a crisis like that now prevailing, he should say to his Prime Minister: "We have had enough of this worry. Unless you dissolve Parliament forthwith and go to the country, I shall do it myself." The letters published in the papers since the Ascot Meeting prove that there are many people who imagine that it is quite possible for the Sovereign to take such a short cut, Constitu-tion or no Constitution. Such people are probably thoroughly loyal subjects, but profoundly ignorant of the conditions under which British monarchs reign. They may have read the letters of leading authorities on constitutional law, precedent, and practice which have been appearing in the papers without deriving over-much enlightenment therefrom. we must not be hard upon them, for the party press is divided in opinion upon the pronouncements of these same authorities

I will now, with your permission, call the attention of your readers to another matter, not, so far as I have seen, hitherto noticed.

A year ago, I was given by a friend two leaflets, which he had just received by post at a leading West-End club, with a very large British and foreign membership. As the leaflets were addressed to the club in question, it is fair to assume that they were also sent to other clubs. They contain the vilest language concerning the King that the minds of men or devils could conceive—a shocking admixture of filth and blasphemy.

Printed on these leaflets is the announcement: "Printed and published from the originals by the Protestant Reform League, Belfast. No Popery at Home and no Home Rule in Ireland. 300,000 determined men say so."

and. 300,000 determined men say so.

I append some extracts from these leaflets:—

"PROTESTANTS OF ENGLAND.—The gilded traitor
"PROTESTANTS OF ENGLAND.—If this foolish King who misoccupies your throne. . . If this foolish King had any sense of faith at all, he would abdicate without waiting for God to put him and his family's sins to deeper shame, knowing that the House of Hanover is doomed."

"Despite melodramatics down a coal mine for Punch-and-

Judy popularity is (sic) quite in accord with the hereditary imbecility of George Guelph; but we want a King who will play the MAN before the Lord High God; which Guelph is QUITE INCAPABLE of doing."

There are more revolting passages than the above, and two rudely executed "illustrations," one being a pig. The text accompanying the latter "picture" is too shocking for quotation. I will not believe that these outrageous leaflets were used, or intended to be used, in opposition to the Home

The main object of these leaflets was doubtless to insult and vilify the King; but, as is made quite clear by the announcement printed on them, they emanate from some person or persons who will have "No Popery at home and no Home Rule in Ireland. 300,000 determined men say so.' It seems inconceivable that the leaflets should not have been seen in Belfast. It is quite possible that they were both seen and denounced by those who are Loyalists first and anti-Home Rulers afterwards. But I have read nothing in the press to that effect. These leaflets are at least as atrocious as the libels on the King for which Mylius was prosecuted and convicted, and, it may be added, released before the expiration of his sentence.—Yours, &c.,

THE AUTHOR OF "KING EDWARD IN HIS TRUE COLOURS.

September 15th, 1913.

[We can only add that our correspondent's language very mildly reports the language of these leaflets. The King is there described as "King Gorge," he is declared to have not a drop of English blood in his veins, and a coarse caricature is appended to this and worse abuse. These leaflets are said to be from "originals."-ED., THE NATION.]

#### MR. CHESTERTON AND BLAKE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—In the columns under the heading of "The World of Books," September 13th, it is urged that Mr. Chesterton be requested to write a volume on "William Blake". But be requested to write a volume on William Blake." Mr. Chesterton has already published a delightful book on Blake, and his comments and criticisms on the author of the Prophetic Books are full of insight and humor. I read it in 1910, and am sorry that I sent my copy to a friend, and therefore cannot refer to it to note the exact date of publication.—Yours, &c., ARTHUR HOOD.

Tonbridge, September 15th, 1913. [We apologise for the oversight.—ED., THE NATION.]

#### "OLD VIRGINIA."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,-I hope that your kindness will give me space for a brief and last word on this matter.

I am sorry that Mr. Bradley considers that I wrote "a lengthy arraignment" of his book in my letter, published in THE NATION on August 2nd. I thought that I had clearly stated that it was to extracts from that book, as quoted by Mr. Russell, that I referred in my letter.

I am doubly sorry that the irritation caused by my remarks has led Mr. Bradley to use personalities in defending himself. I allude to a statement in his letter of August 16th. Alluding to me, he says: ". . . Your correspondent (whose family, or part of it, if I remember rightly, sympathised with the North, and were (sic) out of Virginia during the war)."

It is unfortunate, but again I have to show that Mr. Bradley is inaccurate, this time in the matter of memory. My father, Alfred Landon Rives, was colonel of Engineers in the Southern Army all during the late Civil War, and no member of my family, either on my father's or mother's side, sympathised with the North.

Again I must say how much I regret, both for his sake and mine, that my defence of my State has led Mr. Bradley to attack my family.—Yours, &c.,

AMELIE TROUBETZKEY (The Princess Pierre Troubetzkey).

Castle Hill, Cobham, Albemarle Co., Virginia. August 27th, 1913.

## "THE OLYMPIC GAMES."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—It is indeed a joy to see such staunch opponents as "The Saturday Review" and The Nation shake hands over a point of controversy so important as the Olympic -Pilate and Herod!

We know, of course, that Mr. Massingham and Mr. Palmer often agree in matters of dramatic moment; but these are after-dinner pleasantries, and do not sway the Cosmos as athletics do. It is quite a Sophoclean irony that it should be an Athenian affair that restores union and good-

fellowship to papers such poles apart in aim and achieve-My heart yearns for the Harmsworth faction. To suffer defeat because intellect is against them! Britain is indeed going to the dogs. And yet I feel that your article, well-reasoned and moderate as it is, has not quite said all. That it will convince the majority of your readers, who are nearly all esthetic and intelligent, if not highly cultured and "full of brains," as we say, goes without saying. The very mention of the words "Olympic Games" sends a shudder of disgust through the sensitive frame of the ultrarefined; but you have a few readers (and it is to them that I take the trouble to write), mainly North-countrymen, more coarse-grained and stupid in that they are harder to cajole to a point of view, who like to hear all sides before lending

their support or depriving the country of it if need be.

In the first place, we suspect—and usually quite rightly—any scheme that is boomed by the "Times" and the "Daily Mail," not to mention several lesser-known papers. and the There is nothing we dread quite so much as lending our support to what turns out to be merely a huge advertisement for the press. Secondly, we are tired to death of the prominence given to any so-called sport in this country. As Mr. A. C. Benson says, "£100,000 is nothing. Consider how much is spent annually in this country on tennis-rackets, golf clubs, cricket accessories." The wonder is that they did not ask for several millions. Think for one moment of the ghastly papers produced every Saturday night in all big towns, full of nothing but reports of professional football, so that the workman may see at once how his lottery money is going! They stand in the same relation to the artisan as the Financial Supplement does to the readers of the Times," except that the latter do not pretend that they invest their money for the sake of sport, recreation, or patriotism. On this point I am thoroughly in accord with the writer of the article. By all means, let us have recreation on sensible lines-not all this eternal talk about championships, leagues, record-holders, semi-finals. and God-knows-what gibberish. Anything that will tend to make all the nation athletic, and so lessen the hold that the "heroes" of the sporting world have on us, will come as a boon and a blessing to men, even more important than the what-ever-Nothing is more loathsome than this awful germ that permeates conversation in the public-house, the public school, the university, and workshop alike—the "hero-worship-of-the-modern-athlete" germ. It seems to increase with astonishing virulence daily.

Now, my point is that, by giving our whole-hearted support to this scheme, we shall stamp effectually on this bacillus, and ultimately it will die; for where we are all heroes, what room is there for worship? How little do our gods seem when we get into close communication with them, and study their Olympian ways from Olympus. It is only those who have it who see how very insignificant a "Blue" is.

Now, apply this generally. The crowd gets so accus-

Now, apply this generally. The crowd gets so accustomed to see someone else play its games that it imagines that it is really unable to play; and so it transfers all its pristine admiration for the game on to the head of some favorite performer. Little wonder that the aggregate praise swells that head to abnormal proportions! Give the crowd every facility, say I, to do something for itself, and you solve this appalling difficulty, this waste of good material that loiters, swears, bets, drinks, and generally lowers itself far below the beaste of the field. far below the beasts of the field.

In this proposed scheme we are concerned more especially with running; and it is in this particular branch of recreation that I think safety lies. The money subscribed is to be spent in the discovery and training of likely youths Facilities are to be given to everyone to practise, and men. and it is this that ought to encourage the wastrel at last to do something for himself. Incidentally, it will provide a definite pastime for those quite keen sportsmen who, having neither the money nor the time (perhaps not the ability) to play golf or cricket, yet wish to have some active pursuit in their spare time that will strengthen and refresh their bodies and give their minds free play. This running most surely does; but running by oneself with no precise object is, of all flat things, the dullest. Ask the public schoolmaster past his prime, who has no other means of taking violent exercise. Ask the public schoolboy who goes out for half a hundred compulsory house runs during term. Give the man or boy some particular trial to train for, and his zest multiplies a hundredfold. After all, competition is the sauce and salt of life. Think of Oxford without Cambridge, Liberals without Conservatives, THE NATION without the "Spectator," the "English Review" without "the Normal Morality." It is merely silly to say that "decadence of the Greeks was due to competitive influence in the Games." It affords the intellect some chance of having a real interest if a man himself competes with another, whether it be in sport or business. So by all means let us have Olympic Trials—annual trials in every village would be an excellent thing, and give the "pub-crawlers" something to think about, talk about. and train for. It would incidentally encourage local patriotism, which, in present circumstances, would certainly do no harm; and, further, it would make for a better understanding between classes. In spite of eulogies lavished on this so-called democratic age, there is still more than a little sore feeling and misunderstanding between the different grades of society of to-day. The "Daily Citizen" openly nurses and fosters that feeling, but the majority of journals occasionally try to bind up the cleavage or ignore its exist-

The only solution lies in the meeting of every sect and class on common ground, and as we can only start in small things, let us start in sport—in running. There is no more democratic pastime as it is. Consider for a moment the different types of men that meet and interchange ideas at the National Cross-Country Championship—all united by their common sport, yet representing every, sort of business, trade, profession, faith, and politics. "They only want knowing." How often one hears that! Our demi-gods of the football and cricket field only want knowing to be displaced for ever; the different clashing grades of employer and employee only want knowing to see that sympathy and good feeling can be extended from one to the other.

I may seem to have wandered far from the Olympic Games Fund, but I wish to show that by supporting this scheme we may indirectly further three other and really important ones—the suppression of the "paid gladiator" by causing the watcher who pays him to become himself a player, the consequent improvement in physique generally of the nation at large, and the fulfilment of the democratic ideal by providing some recreation that will appeal to all classes alike, requiring no caste, nor money, nor special gift, but can be enjoyed by thousands at a time.

It does not matter a brass farthing whether we ever again enter for these Games, whether we win or lose if we do enter; but it is certainly worth while supporting them if they can encourage the multitude to wake up from their dreadful apathy and lethargy, and at least try to make themselves fitter bodily, so that in the end the mind may have some sort of show in a country where at present to have a brain is to be looked on as a lunatic.—Yours, &c.,

S. P. B. Mais (President of the Oxford University Cross-Country Running, 1913).

Wall Tyning, Bitton, near Bristol. September 16th, 1913.

# THE UNMARRIED MOTHER AND HER CHILD. To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sira,—There are many directions in which an awakened public conscience is working wisely and hopefully for the treatment of problems which we are all deeply concerned should be successfully solved. The care of children as future citizens is one of these problems; and the care of the first offender is another. For the latter we have fully realised the importance of rational treatment. The nation has decreed that the first offender shall not be indelibly branded as a criminal, but that everything possible shall be done to secure him a fresh start. Our magistrates vouch for the success of this treatment in preventing him from becoming permanently demoralised. But there is one offender who is often less wisely dealt with. The treatment of the unmarried girl-mother, with her fatherless child, contrasts too vividly with that of other first offenders; and if she is a domestic servant, hopeless indeed is her future.

Among the sad crowd of forlorn women in our London workhouse wards, who are there to give birth to children, deserted by their fathers, about half are domestic servants; all the other industries together do not provide as many as this one. Is not this a terrible commentary on the popular impression of the safety of domestic service for young girls? To such a woman no hope remains. The worker in any other trade has an opportunity of again supporting herself and of cherishing her child. To the domestic servant a fresh start is denied, except at the monstrous price of separation from her baby. Our Rescue Homes are full of such childless mothers; our Orphanages of such motherless children. So difficult is it for such a woman to win back a character without giving up the personal care and love she owes her child, that the only alternative to many is prostitution.

Eighteen months ago a few experienced social workers started a little hostel in Chelsea where young unmarried mothers, who have been domestic servants of otherwise unblemished character, can live safely and support themselves as day servants, whilst caring for their own children. The Hostel is open to servants from all parts of the country, and is under the care of a small committee and a matron whose personal influence is invaluable. The scheme (the only one in England which aims at keeping mother and child permanently together) is succeeding beyond expectation, and will become self-supporting. Meantime, help is sorely needed to tide over the initial expense of such an under-We are sure some of your readers will help in taking. saving these girls from an awful alternative.

Full particulars can be obtained from, and subscriptions received by, the Hon. Assistant Treasurer, Mrs. A. G. Whitting, 22, Tedworth Square, S.W., and the Hon. Secretary, Miss Kingsford, 5, Doneraile Street, Fulham.—

Yours, &c.,

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LUCY DEANE STREATFEILD.
EDITH M. H. A. BIGLAND.
SISTER MILDRED
(West London Mission).

MABEL KITCAT.
SIDNEY A. P. KITCAT.
AONES WICKHAM.
JOHN WAKEFORD.
CONSTANCE SMITH,

# Poetry.

#### POEMS OF SOLITUDE.

NIGHT.

MAKE me thy poet, O Night, veiled Night!

Let me voice the song of those who for ages have sat, speechless, in thy shadows.

Take me up on thy chariot that, without wheels, runs noiselessly from world to world, thou Queen of the Palace of Time, thou darkly beautiful.

Many a questioning mind has stealthily entered thy courtyard and roamed through thy lampless mansion in search of some answer.

From many a heart, pierced with the arrow of joy sped by the hands of the unknown, sudden glad chants have burst forth, shaking the darkness to its foundation.

Sitting in the starlight, wakeful solitary souls gaze in wonder at the treasure they have won.

Make me their poet, O Night! the poet of thy fathomless silence!

#### ALONE.

- If there is none who comes when you call, walk alone.

  If there is none who speaks, and they turn aside their pale faces, bare your heart and speak alone.
- If there is none to share your journey, and they all leave you and go, tread upon the thorns of your path and bleed alone.
- If there is none to light the lamp in the stormy night, and they shut their doors against you, light your own heart with thunderflame, and burn alone.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

# The Morld of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT. THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers :-

commend to the notice of our readers:—

"Egyptian Art." By Sir Gaston Maspero. (Unwin. 21s. net.)

"Men and Rails." By Rowland Kenney. (Unwin. 6s. net.)

"Pedagogical Anthropology." By Dr. Maria Montessori. (Heinemann. 14s. net.)

"Cecil Rhodes." By Gordon Le Sueur. (Murray. 12s. net.)

"Lollardy and the Reformation in England." By Dr. James
Gairdner, C.B. Vol. IV. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Shorter Poems of Frederick Tennyson." Edited by Charles
Tennyson. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

"The Marquis of Montrose." By John Buchan. (Nelson. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Bergson for Beginners." By Darcy B. Kitchin. (Allen. 5s. net.)

"The Proof of the Pudding." By Edwin Pugh. (Chapman &
Hall. 6s.)

"The Proof of the Lands Hall. 6s.)

"Bendish." By Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan. 6s.)

"Rodin." Von Rainer Maria Rilke. (Fusel Verlag. M. 4.)

"Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart." Von Dr. A. Schurig. 2 Bde.

"Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart." Von Dr. A. Schurig. 2 Bde.
(Fusel Verlag. M. 24.)

"Die Hetziagd," Roman. Von F. von Zobeltitz. (Fleischel. M. 5.)

"Unterm roten Adler." Roman. Von Rudolf Greinz. (Shaackmann. M. 4.)

Mr. Henry James, we learn from the London Correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian," has recently been sitting to Mr. Sargent for his portrait. "I may add," the correspondent goes on, "that Mrs. Swynnerton recently com-pleted the portrait of Mr. James. A few years ago, Mr. Jacques Blanche painted a half-length portrait of him-a somewhat sporting representation of the great writer—in a lemon waistcoat." None the less, there is no other living novelist with anything like Mr. James's reputation whose features are so little known to the world in general, or even to the world of the literary. Many people owe their first idea of Mr. James's appearance to Mr. Max Beerbohm's delightful cartoon, "Mr. Henry James trying to arrange a marriage between Mona Lisa and the Man in the Iron Mask." Mr. James's sequel to his esoteric autobiography, "A Small Boy and Others," is not, we observe, included in the list of books to be published during the present autumn, though hopes were raised at one time that it would follow quickly on the heels of the earlier volume.

THE strike of the bookbinders in the employment of Messrs. J. Burn & Co. could hardly have taken place at a more inopportune moment — for booksellers and book buyers, we mean, not for the strikers. Messrs. Burn are one of the biggest firms of bookbinders in the country, having, it is said, some forty or fifty London publishers among their customers. Consequently, the output of new books has suffered a severe check during the past week. Mr. Conrad's new novel, 'Chance," was to have been published on Thursday last, but its issue was suddenly postponed at the last moment, owing, apparently, to the troubles in the binding trade. Now that we are on the subject of binding, by the way, we wonder that none of the publishers tries the experiment of sending his books out in paper covers in the French manner. English readers would no doubt resent this at first; the libraries would resent it still more. On the other hand, paper-covered volumes would encourage us to get rid of superfluous books from our shelves, as we shrink from doing at present. And the books that we care for we could have bound in all sorts of charming ways, instead of lazily leaving them in the sometimes detestable covers chosen for them by the publishers.

It is a rather extraordinary thing that, while hardly anybody writes books and articles about the condition of fiction or the condition of poetry, nearly everybody rushes into print about the condition of the theatre. Mr. St. John Ervine and Mr. W. L. George have been discussing it in the month's reviews, and now Mr. John Palmer, who lately published an able work on the censorship, is giving us a book called "The Future of the Theatre," which will be published by Messrs. Bell. Mr. Palmer, our readers will remember, has also been engaged on a work which should be of much historical and critical interest, "The Comedy of Manners." Among forthcoming books on the stage, however, there is none to which we look forward with greater interest than Professor Boyer, of Princeton's, volume, "The Villain as Hero in Elizabethan Drama." Pro-

fessor Boyer, we are told, threshes out the problem of the influence of Machiavellianism on the Elizabethan dramatists, beginning with Marlowe. His title suggests that we shall find him trying a fall with Aristotle. His book will be published in this country by Messrs. Routledge.

Mr. R. A. Scott-James, we are glad to see, has been exercising his soul about "The Condition of the Press," and Messrs. S. W. Partridge announce a volume with this title from his pen. His book will discuss the Press historically from the seventeenth century onwards, but the main object of his book is to discuss the Press as it instructs and misleads, entertains and bores, us to-day. Recently, the correspondents of the "Westminster Gazette" have been debating the question whether we have the newspapers we deserve, and there is no subject upon which there is more general grumbling than the quality of the modern newspaper. Mr. Scott-James may be trusted to formulate the indictment with philosophic restraint. We are promised a second book from his pen shortly, by the way, by Mr. Martin Secker. This will be called "Personality in Literature," and will contain a number of literary essays, some, at least, of which have already appeared in the reviews.

LITERARY criticism-criticism in all the arts indeedhas suffered no loss in recent years comparable to the withdrawal of Mr. Arthur Symons from activity with his pen on account of a breakdown in his health. We welcome all the more cordially the news that Mr. Heinemann is next week publishing a new volume of poetry by Mr. Symons, entitled, Knave of Hearts." Mr. Symons will never be counted among the popular poets. His verse is work for connoisseurs rather than for the public. Connoisseurs, however, delight in the fastidious, critical instinct which is ever at work here as well as in his frankly critical prose.

MB. A. G. GARDINER is re-publishing, in book form, his character-sketches of public men-we remember with especial pleasure those on Sir Edward Carson and Mr. J. L. Garvin-which have appeared in the "Daily News." The book, which is on Messrs. Nisbet's list, will be called "Pillars of Society."

Mr. John Lane has, as usual, a number of promising books of history, historical documents, and memoirs on his list. The Mrs. Thrale volume, "The Intimate Letters of Hester Piozzi to Penelope Pennington, 1788-1821," which Mr. Oswald Knapp has edited, is prospectively the most interesting. It is only the other day that we had a selection from Mrs. Thrale's Diary. These letters, which number 198, and have never before been published, are said to show her in a rather attractive light. "The Beautiful Lady Craven" is an arrangement of the memoirs of another distinguished eighteenth-century Englishwoman announced by the same publisher. Like Mrs. Thrale, though not in the same degree, she was the friend of Dr. Johnson. She also became Margravine of Anspach and Bayreuth through marriage, and was created a Princess of the Holy Roman Empire in her own right. It was Louis XVIII. who urged her to write her memoirs, which she published in 1824, four years before her death. Mr. A. M. Broadley and Mr. Lewis Melville have edited the memoirs, added some of the indispensable unpublished letters, and written a historical introduction to the book. Another historical book of Mr. Lane's, duction to the book. Another historical book of Mr. Lane's, to which we look forward with interest, is Mr. Charles Bastide's "Anglo-French Entente in the Seventeenth Century," which will recall the rage for things French—French tailors, milliners, cooks, fortune-tellers, and writers—between two and three centuries ago, and discuss the effects of intercourse with the French on English literature, politics, and so forth, from the time of Shakespeare.

MRS. PEMBER REEVES, who, with Mrs. Bernard Shaw, has done so much good work in social investigation for the Fabian Society, has written a book, "Round About a Pound a Week: a Study of Life among the Working Classes," which Messrs. Bell will publish. "The World of Labor," by Mr. G. H. D. Cole, and "The Future of the Working Classes," Woman's Movement," by Mrs. H. M. Swanwick, with an introduction by Mrs. Fawcett, are other works on social and political subjects which the same publishers will issue next

# Reviews.

#### TROLLOPE.

"Anthony Trollope: His Work, Associates, and Originals."
By T. H. ESCOTT. (Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

ANTHONY TROLLOPE is one of the many examples of revived reputations. His fame, which after his death in 1882 sank almost to nothing except among the old-fashioned, has now risen so high again that people of judgment do not shrink from comparing him even with Miss Austen, who, Mr. Escott tells us, "gave him more pleasure than all her predecessors put together." pleasure than all her predecessors put together." "Very early in his Post Office days," says Mr. Escott, "he came to the conclusion that 'Pride and Prejudice' pleased him better than any other fiction he had ever read; was not perhaps so great a work as 'Ivanhoe,' but was immeasurably above 'Tom Jones.'" This is certainly what we should have above 'Tom Jones.'" expected. That exact and quietly humorous eye which observed the little life of the clergy and the clergy's ladies to such purpose in "Barchester Towers" saw things, if a little less delicately than Miss Austen, at least more in the manner of Miss Austen than of any other novelist. Whether we accept the present high estimate of Trollope's work in fiction or not-and in this connection it is interesting to note that Professor Saintsbury, in his new book on the English novel, characteristically says of him: "Qualms may sometimes arise as to whether genius is justly denied to him," and goes on to describe "Barchester Towers" as "one of the liveliest books in English fiction"—we cannot deny the value of his novels as faithful and individual studies of English social life in the nineteenth century. Hawthorne's verdict on him has before now been quoted: "His characters are just as real as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case, with all its inhabitants going about their daily business, and not suspecting that they were made a show of." That is an admirable statement of the case for Trollope. He survives as a realist: his work is, as it were, a nineteenth-century document.

He belongs, of course, definitely to the English school of realism, which is as unlike Continental realism as a walk down Piccadilly on a sunny afternoon is unlike a railway accident. English realism is humorous; Continental realism is, for the most part, tragic. Possibly this is due to happier condition of the digestive organs among English writers. Possibly their outlook is saner and more balanced than the Continental. Possibly, on the other hand, it is merely more cursory and less serious. Certainly, one does not feel that Trollope used his power of intellect with the same religious desperateness of purpose as, say, Flaubert or -to take a smaller writer-Huysmans. He took his writing as a healthy man takes the routine of his office work. He had no "mission" as an artist. Probably, indeed, nothing did more to injure his reputation than his own account of what a glorified mechanician he was in turning out his novels. How can enthusiastic young adherents of literature, who are almost as fond of theories of inspiration as the adherents of the churches, take seriously a novelist who confessed that a novel represented to him only so many days' work measured into lengths? It seems like an act of journalism, not of literature, to sit down at one's desk daily for three hours, as Trollope did, and produce a regular 250 words in each quarter of an hour, as a machine might produce pins or match-boxes. It is as heretical as Sir duce pins or match-boxes. Walter Besant's message to his time-that an ordinarily intelligent man can teach himself novel-writing like any other trade. At the same time, Trollope's determined industry has its counterpart in the work of those far from mechanical artists—Balzac and Scott. The parallel with Scott is especially close. Trollope used to rise at halfpast five, we are told, have coffee and bread-and-butter in his dressing-room, get through his day's task, go out for a ride in Hyde Park, and be back ready for the family break-fast about eleven. "That left him with a comfortable sense of necessary duty fulfilled, and the whole day lay before him for pleasure or business, his chief afternoon amusement being a rubber at the Garrick." This, of course, was in his This, of course, was in his later years. We get an idea of the indomitable industry of the earlier part of his career from the fact that "Barchester Towers" was "written chiefly in railway trains, while investigating the rural postal system of England." The

situation—a situation to inspire Mr. Max Beerbohm—at once amazes and tickles us. That it was frequently repeated in later life is shown by a delightful reminiscence of Trollope in the 'seventies, which Mr. Escott gives us:—

"One November day, at Euston Station, he entered the compartment of the train in which I was already seated. . . . Just recognising me, he began to talk cheerily enough for some little time; then, putting on a large fur cap, part of which fell down over his shoulders, he suddenly asked: 'Do you ever sleep when you are travelling? I always do'; and forthwith, suiting the action to the word, sank into that kind of a snore compared by Carlyle to a Chaldean trumpet in the new moon. Rousing himself up as we entered Grantham, or Preston, Station, he next inquired: 'Do you ever write when you are travelling?' 'No.' 'I always do.' Quick as thought, out came the tablet and the pencil, and the process of putting words on paper continued without a break till the point was reached at which, his journey done, he left the carriage."

And yet we complain that ours is an age of hustle—of non-stop trains and non-stop novelists! We seem but drowsy creatures compared with this great, stout, illtempered, kindly novelist, writing away in jolting railwaytrains in the intervals of investigating the rural postal system of England.

When we began Mr. Escott's book we confess we hoped for a much more intimate picture of Trollope than he has given us. He interviewed Trollope in the 'seventies in quest of biographical materials, and took notes, which the novelist, shortly before his death, urged him to preserve as being of "Be sure you take care of them," some importance. said. Mr. Escott, none the less, has not succeeded in giving us a new and personal portrait of the man. His book is little more than a conventional literary biography, bringing out the relationship between Trollope's novels and his environment, and describing the society in which he lived from his boyhood onward. The son of a Micawberish father and a novelist mother, he got little from the former but boxes on the ear-the punishment for false quantities in his Latin. From his mother, however, he inherited the taste for authorship, which he was afterwards to indulge as a postal official in Ireland, his first novel being "The Macdermots of Ballycloran," which he began writing in Ireland at the age of twenty-eight. It is a singular fact that so practical an author as Trollope did not succeed with the public earlier than he did. "The Warden," the first of the Barchester series, was published in 1855, when he was a man of forty, but so slow was the growth of its popularity that its first year's sales brought him in only £9 2s. 6d. Before many years, however, George Smith (of Smith, Elder) was offering him £1,000 for a three-volume novel, to be run through the new "Cornhill Magazine," and his later commercial success is shown by the fact that, according to his own reckoning towards the end of his life, his work had brought him in £70,000 from his English publishers and £3,000 from America. It is a shining example of the result of Smilesian self-help, patiently continued over a long course of years. It is all the more so, perhaps, as Trollope in his industrious habits was something of a brand plucked from the burning. He was by no means free from the vices of unpunctuality and scamping his work as a youthful clerk in the Post

ce.

One is surprised to learn that he was melanlar and intraspective in those days. His "abrupt, choly and introspective in those days. His "abrupt, bow-wow" manner, his martinettish authoritativeness, his thoroughgoing love of the open air and the saddle, leave us with the impression of, at times, an overbearing, but never of a melancholy, figure. Yet melancholy he remained till the end. "It is, I suppose," he said to Millais, "some weakness of temperament that makes me, without intelligible cause, such a pessimist at heart." Yet everything he ever put his hand to succeeded. He was a most efficient postal official as well as author. As an example of the innovations he introduced into the British Post Office, we may mention that it was he who brought over the idea of road-side letter-"On his suggestion of the exact spot boxes from France. for the purpose, the first pillar-box was erected at St. Heliers, Jersey, in 1853." At times he seems to belong to a generation far removed from ours. How very near our own time he is, however, we realise when we are told that it was at his instance that Messrs. Chapman & Hall published Miss Olive Schreiner's "Story of an African Farm." Mr. Escott does not hesitate even to see in him, to some degree, "the progenitor of the twentieth-century problem novel"; and he supports his theory by reminding us that "the turn d

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#### MR. GORDON CRAIG'S THEATRE.

"Towards a New Theatre." By Edward Gordon Craig. (Dent. 21s. net.)

THE difficulty-or one of the difficulties-about Mr. Craig is that there are so very definitely two of him. There is the artist, the eager and inspired worker at whatever theatrical task is before him; and there is the philosopher, with a particular interest in attaining the theoretic truth about esthetics. Admirers of his work who have followed his writings in the "Mask" and elsewhere are aware of his duality, and the wise ones swear an allegiance to each Mr. Craig that not even both Mr. Craigs can overthrow. You can evade the disadvantages of this bifrontism with care. Even where the case resembles that in a brilliant and unwritten story of Janus, with whom, whenever his one mouth opened to emit immortal wisdom the other mouth, in jealous hurry, drowned it all with a flow of gabble, yet, by determining which face to stand by, one can secure much truth.

The idea which the theorist has been trying so persistently, and with such wayward brilliance, to hammer into our heads appears to be this. The theatre is primarily a place where one sees something. The Art of the Theatre is a visual art. It would aim at beauty and the stirring of the emotions through things seen, as music does through things heard. And as music may or may not attain its effect by recalling sounds of "real life," so the Art of the Theatre may use human shapes and representations of the scenery of reality, or may confine itself to shapes and masses and colors and their relationships and to movement. The potentiality of beauty and emotion in these directions is enormous, and still scarcely apprehended. The gesture of a friend, the sight of a small figure passing in front of a large building, the rhythmic swaying of tree-tops in a wind-all these things can hold an inexplicable power to wring the heart; a power which it does not seem absurd to suppose could be captured and worked up by some art that dealt with masses and with movement. The enthusiast for the theatre chafes at seeing an art with such potentialities limited to the service and mere adornment of drama.

On some such theory do the philosophic Mr. Craig's ideas seem to rest; partly expounded and partly indicated by hints, for, like many great religious teachers, Mr. Craig often uses the method oracular. The artist, meanwhile, has come into the view of the public with a few stage-productions and a good many designs for the stage. This volume is a slightly too promiscuous collection from the latter, dated any time within the last ten or fifteen years. Some of them have been seen before. The book adds little to the know-ledge or appreciation of those who have studied Mr. Craig's work but have not been able to see it realised in Florence or Moscow, or whatever distant cities do not allow one of our greatest British geniuses to go as entirely unrecognised as we do. One has an impatient feeling of marking time. Mr. Craig's designs we know; we have paid our share of admiration. When, oh! when, are we to be allowed to see how they pan out on the stage? For the moment, one must thank the Abbey Theatre Company for using his screens, and be content with dreaming over these pictures. Being the work of the artist, they have personal qualities—good and bad—entirely irrelevant to Mr. Craig's validity as prophet There is a very strong and distinct individuality perceptible in most of them-romantic, lovely, rather mystic, and sometimes inclined to effeminacy. This fits Mr. Craig for designing for some plays and not for others. He would enhance and strengthen Maeterlinck, but he tends to Maeterlinckise Shakespeare. Plays written for that gaunt and very English platform-stage lose something of their passion behind this wonderful but "Celtic" gauze. An Elizabethan Philistine would be tempted to quote the gentleman in "Hullo, Ragtime!" "He has taken liberties with Shakespeare. . . . all Liberty's. . . ." It would

not be fair to the spatial grandeur of Mr. Craig's imagination. With Mr. Shaw, however, and "Ceesar and Cleo-patra," he seems to be entirely and wonderfully at crosspurposes. Perhaps he is having—he so often is having—his little joke. Most of his little jokes can be taken seriously; but not this. It is not, however, necessarily out of sympathy with the Victorians; one wonderful design for a modern play of Ibsen's reducing the scene to its melancholy essentials, a vast spectral store, great curtains, and a lonely figure silhouetted against the window, points to a new method of staging such plays decidedly better than the realistic. But Mr. Craig is best, on the whole, unfettered by a dramatist. The fantasy of that, no doubt impossible, design, "Wapping Old Stairs"—"so old," as a wit has said, "and so Wapping"! And the wordless play, in four designs, of "The Steps," here partly explained through words, of which Mr. Craig is so cunning, so gaily unpretending, a master, has a moving power and an inexplicable pathetic loveliness that very completely illustrates the theory of the theatre which is ascribed to Mr. Craig in this review. These designs are accompanied by a running commentary, and there are prefaces and postscripts, in all of which the Mr. Craig of to-day rallies and patronises the Mr. Craig of yesterday and the rest of the world. There is wisdom lurking in these pages, and wit apparent; as when he says that the modern drama is holding the mirror up to life, and holding it rather low, because its arms are tired. But, to be blunt, charming waywardness, which is supposed to be a frequent characteristic of genius, can be overdone. And so can petulance ex cathedra. If Mr. Craig only knew how eager we were to drink of the truth from him, and to profit by it! But he is so insistent that he knows, and he alone, the true way to the Art of the Theatre, and so mysterious about it, and so scornful of our poor attempts to understand him, that we common mortals incline to be disheartened. Mr. Craig will be swallowed whole or not at all; and he pours contempt on those theatrical workers who merely admire his work and seek inspiration from it. Especially is he irritated with someone (wasn't it Mr. Granville Barker'), who innocently remarked, "Craig is good to steal from." But, after all, such theft in the arts is an admirable thing, and a great compliment. There are many very worthy people trying to find their way to the Art of the Theatre, and why should we accept Mr. Craig's claim that he alone of them knows the road? All we know is that he has genius. Some of us—far too few—are thankful for it. It may be our blindness and stupidity that prevent us seeing further. If so, Mr. Craig should be a little more helpful.

#### SOME POETS.

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- "A Boy's Will." By ROBERT FROST. (Nutt. 1s. 6d. net.)

PERHAPS the most entertaining question provoked by the death of Mr. Alfred Austin was that asked by a daily journal—"Should we have a pessimist for Laureate?" The occasion was the rumor that Mr. Thomas Hardy was to be invited to fill the vacancy, and the question, coming from a quarter that claims, with justice, to represent a very considerable share of popular opinion, was in itself highly instructive. That Mr. Hardy was commonly accounted a pessimist we knew; but we were not sure whether or not the judgment implied a rebuke, until this alarmed inquiry assured us that it did. To allow the nation to look to a pessimist for its inspiration would have been, it seems, an act of folly-one certainly not to receive official sanction. The nation was saved from so great a calamity by the appointment of a man who, happily for poetry, does the office as much honor as Mr. Hardy himself could have done; but the incident had its use. It was clear that this repre-

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sentative of the nation no more understood the nature of poetry than the nation itself in any popular sense extent, say, of 2 per cent. of the electorate—cared -to the -cared for it. Mr. Hardy is a great poet because he delights greatly in life, and has found an intensely personal form in which to express his delight. To suppose that the fact that he finds life often terrible and often merciless in any way lessens his delight in it is to fall into the commonest error of criticism. In art, intensity of conviction is everything, and it is always healthy. It does not, from any point of view, matter in the least what a poet believes, so long as he really does believe it. And the force of his belief is the measure of his great-The more urgently he believes, the more ness as a poet. urgent will be the expression of his belief; and the more significant the concerns of his mind, the more significant will be the artistic form created to enclose contemplation so profound. It does not matter whether he is a philosophic pessimist like Mr. Hardy, or a defiant Pagan like Swinburne, or a blazing optimist like Browning, if only he is any of these things sincerely; if, in the strictest and most exacting sense of the words, his heart is in his work. If his work the concern of his thought-is of great proportions, he will then be a great poet; if it is of comparative unimportance, he will be a smaller poet, but, if his heart is truly in it, still a poet.

Nowhere in these eight volumes do we find greatness, but in all of them we find some witness of poetry. Each of these poets is sufficiently interested in something or another to force an individual expression of his concerns. In most cases, life is not for them a thing of elemental passion; the content of their art is not generally of very momentous significance, and the art itself is necessarily of corresponding proportions. They are rather concerned with life filtered into special moods, but there is in each case a sincerity in their concern that must be respected. Mr. Douglas Goldring, for example, is clear of all falsity in the humor and poignancy of his "London Streets," but he is too consciously a spectator to be moved into making anything like a universal symbolism of these things, and he remains chiefly interested in their externalities. The result is that his reader finds himself also consciously a spectator, always interested, but never quite absorbed. But, although Mr. Goldring's interest does not cut down very deep, there is no trace of pose about it, and he frequently translates it into delicate poetry. If there is nothing in his book that makes us pause because of its beauty, there is nothing that is dull or worthless. Within its own limits his art is a notable one, always alert and profitable. This is, appropriately, the last stanza in his book :-

"Fine wine and fine jewels, white linen and beautiful frocks,
Kind glances and musical laughter and delicate food!
And my tie's well tied, and I'm pleased with these black
silk socks:

Is it earthy of me to find these good things good?"

The lines do not quite do justice to Mr. Goldring's general workmanship, but they indicate his temper clearly enough. We find the same spirit when the gaiety gives way to a more sober mood, as in "Living In (Brixton Rise)":—

"Through the small window comes the roar
Of all the world of light outside:
It is not midnight, yet our door
Is shut on us, and we are tied.

"What is he doing now-my dear?
I left him all on fire for me:
Will he be true? Oh, God! I fear
He'll buy what I would give him free."

Mr. Goldring's traffic with life is not very urgent, but his heart is in it. If there is no very startling news in his poetry at least there is no hearsay.

Mr. Flecker prefaces his poems with a note on his theory of poetry. Let us quote a passage:—

"If we have preaching to do, in heaven's name let us call it a sermon and write it in prose. It is not the poet's business to save man's soul, but to make it worth saving. It is not his business to make wise reflections about the social and moral problems of the day, but . . . to make beautiful the tragedy and tragic the beauty of man's life. Many of our great English poets have preached moral theories, or expounded in verse their philosophies of life; but it is to be remembered that what endures of their work is that portion where, despite themselves, they wrote like poets."

This might quite easily be deduced as Mr. Flecker's theory from his poetry itself, but the limitation which the state-

ment involves is also quite apparent in his work. Of course, no poet of any perception mistakes the "social and moral problems of the day" in their particular and local manifestations for the fundamental significance behind such problems—for the "tragedy and beauty of man's life"; but it is clearly an error to suppose that the moral significance that has pervaded the work of every great poet, from Æschylus onwards, is a negligible quantity in their poetry. It does not, indeed, matter what the nature of the significance in each case may be, but it is precisely the intensity of conviction as to the significance that has moved the poet to great creative energy, and it might be added that it is not an uncommon thing for the great poet to find that it is through the particular problems about him that he wins through to close grips with the universal significance at all. It is in spite of all probability that Mr. Flecker really is a poet. The world in which he is interested is not the world of common experience, but one of external romance that he might have created more readily from rumor than adventure. But, in spite of its apparent artificiality, he is genuinely interested in it, and so comes to artistic salvation. be sentimental and yet quite sincerely sentimental:

"Broken fountains, phantom waters, nevermore to glide and gleam From the dragon-mouth in plaster, sung of old by old Nedim; Beautiful and broken fountains, keep you still your Sultan's

dream, Or remember how his poet took a girl to Saadabad?"

The artistry of this book is almost flawless, and this, added to the poet's sincerity, makes good poetry that never approaches greatness, save in two poems—"Oak and Olive" and "A Sacred Incident." In these there is an authority that is lacking even in such enchanting things as the titlepoem, where the poet's interest, unquestionable as it is, yet seems to be of pleased curiosity rather than of passion.

Miss Letts, again, is thoroughly alive in her poetry, and she, too, is always remote from the fervor of greatness. Her work comes of observation rather than of perception; but the observation is fresh and full of sympathy. Her verse is, in the best sense of the word, cultured—not the less so in that her culture happens to be of the Irish wayside and not of an academic tradition. She is always sure of herself, never reaching the dangerous heights, and never going along her own ways without grace.

It is a little difficult to say more of Mr. Gerald Gould than that his craftsmanship is admirably controlled, and that his verse here, as in his earlier books, is a pleasure to read.

"Some lovers make comparison in love,
And call their lady after that or this—
Like honey find the sweetness of her kiss,
Or her soft speech like language of the dove;
The sky is not too high for doubting of,
Whether herein it does not show amiss,
And every thing that good for certain is
They take for good—then name one name above.

"But I'll not call my lady dark or bright
By any other measure than her own;
She is the rightness by which life is right,
Sums all perfections that the world has shown,
And is to be esteemed herself alone,
Not more than morning, neither less than night."

That is, unquestionably, very good; but had it been signed by an Elizabethan sonneteer there would have been nothing to make us suspicious; and the fact that conceivably it might have been written by Philip Sidney, for instance, makes us question whether it must have been written by Mr. Gould; whether here again the emotion is not a little too deliberate for passion, a little too self-possessed. Sidney himself, indeed, had his models; but they were models that were definitely a part of the artistic energy of his own day, and he turned to them, naturally enough, without impairing his integrity as a poet-despite the charges of a certain school of criticism. But this manner cannot be emulated to-day without a conscious effort, and when there is any question of this kind as to a poet's impulse, we cannot, with the best of good will, give him the benefit of the doubt. Mr. Gould is rich in many qualities, and we believe that when the truth is known we shall find that he has the most indispensable of them all-imaginative sincerity; but he does not prove it for us in this book. This is his third volume, but he is still in the term of a most promising apprenticeship.

Mr. Storer is an epicure in emotion. His little book

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Edited by PERCY L. PARKER.

TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

TO KEEP PACE WITH ITS SUCCESS AND TO ENABLE IT TO COVER AN EVEN WIDER FIELD OF INTEREST THAN BEFORE, PUBLIC OPINION WILL IN FUTURE BE ENLARGED BY EIGHT PAGES, BUT ITS PRICE WILL BE THE SAME (2d.). 75,000 COPIES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE WILL BE PRINTED.

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says a Scotch reader.

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# PUBLIC OPINION

contains, in addition to all the usual features,

# SPECIAL ARTICLES

MR. JOHN BUCHAN on :

"The Book we are Waiting For: Why the Middle-class Novelist Fails."

#### PROF. T. M. KETTLE on:

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A specimen copy will be sent on application to the Manager, PUBLIC OPINION, 32 and 33, Temple House, Talkis Street, London, E.C. The yearly subscription in the United Kingdom is 10s. 10d.; abroad 13s. This week's number, 2½d. post free.

## A NEW YORK VIEW.

Dr. William Potts George, LL.D., New York, writes:-

"I should like to say of your paper that it is the best that comes into my study, either English or American. I have a weekly English batch of papers and American papers galore, but yours sometimes contains more than all of them put together. Every page is readable, and the whole is a marvellous digest not only of the world's news, but of important movements in all phases of the world's life."

#### THE FEATURE OF FRIDAY.

"PUBLIC OPINION excites my liveliest gratitude," writes a Minister. "In charge of big churches, and liable to be called upon to speak to large masses of men on all vital topics, I count it a very good day in my life when a friend advised me to take 'PUBLIC OPINION.' If you advanced it to the price of the 'Spectator' I should not give the question of continuance a second thought.

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#### A WOMAN'S APPRECIATION.

"I deeply value your paper, and most especially the noble reviews of unusual books," writes a lady reader. "I send copies out to my children in Canada and New York regularly, and have induced many friends to take the precious little paper, for I truly find in it an elevation of feeling that makes itself feit even through the mere quotations of other people's sayings, owing to the extraordinary flair for selection which the paper shows at every point."

of fastidiously wrought love rhymes reduces ecstasy to an epigram with the best grace in the world:—

"There is such vigor in our love, we hold So innocent a pain, The world, that thought herself grown old, Asks: 'Am I young again?'"

Here is a love-sickness that is pretty enough and no hearts broken. The old poets would darken stars and shame roses to flatter a mistress, which really warranted them heartwhole too. Mr. Storer is far too modern for such hyperbole, but his capacity for intellectual analysis of his own passion implies a similar unreadiness to surrender to the positive delight of the passion itself. He is just as far from simplicity of mood as the most elegant of the Restoration lyrists; but his art, fragile as it is, has a very captivating manner. Storer does not go out on to the high seas, but he is quite genuinely interested in his carefully planned little excursions. And what he sets out for he achieves admirably, and with not a little distinction.

Of the sincerity of Michael Field's prostration in "Mystic Trees" there can be no doubt. In this poet's work all curiosity is subdued to an almost breathless acceptance. We suspect that readers for this book will not be found too readily, which is to be regretted, since it is informed by an art that is often very strict and beautiful. The people who are in sympathy with its religious basis, will, in most cases be a little bewildered by the translation of their formal devotions into a new poetry, whilst those who care for art, whatever its content may be, will find in the dogmatic mysticism that pervades every page an exacting test of their loyalty.

"Thou comest down to die, Each day to die for me; Hasting with feet that fly Down from the Trinity.

" How beautiful Thy feet, Even as Hermes' are, That Thou shouldst run so fleet To Golgotha!

"Each day another girds
And binds Thee to the wood.
I sing, as singing birds,
The glory of Thy mood."

That is poetry, and if it has not universality in it, the symbolism being of fancy rather than imagination, yet it bas, by the witness of its art, the sincerity that gives authority even to strange tongues.

In the last two books on our list, Mr. Plowman and Mr. Frost make their first appearance, and we welcome both of them. As yet neither has the certainty of the poets of whom we have been speaking, but there is clear evidence in each case of a determination to serve art-which is life made intelligible-if it may be done. Mr. Plowman is at present inclined to be a little melodramatic in his thought, Mr. Frost to confuse simplicity with obviousness; but Mr. Plowman is thinking, and Mr. Frost does at times attain a really simple dignity. There is in each of these books more promise than is usual in a first venture.

#### THE PHILOSOPHY OF WAGNER.

"Opera and Drama." By RICHARD WAGNER. Translated by EDWIN EVANS. (Reeves. 2 vols. 10s. net.)

In his Zürich days, Wagner tells us, he was very fond of reading his prose works to his friends. One of the works he thus favored them with was "Opera and Drama," the reading of which occupied, as we can well believe, "a series of successive evenings." We can understand, too, that the audience was a "remarkably attentive one"; but even with the best attention in the world it is doubtful whether they understood very much of it. It would be especially interesting to know what Minna thought of it all. Here was an operatic conductor who had somehow managed to get himself exiled from Germany, his career in the opera house being apparently closed for ever; an operatic composer who had written not a note of music after the completion of "Lohengrin" in March, 1848. It was now the early part of 1851. Had poor Minna realised that her erratic husband was still to write no music for another two or three years, and then to take up his pen only to begin a huge impracticable work

which there was no prospect of having produced on any of the European stages of that day, she would have been convinced that she had married a lunatic. Most of his friends and contemporaries, indeed, must have wondered why this marvellously gifted composer wasted his time in political and æsthetic speculations instead of pouring out the music that was in him. The explanation is partly that Wagner found it hopeless to try to float his new art-work until he had given the public a clear idea of the nature of his reforms, and partly because it was imperative that he should come to an understanding of himself. "My published writings," he wrote to Roeckel, "testify to my want of freedom as an artist; the lash of compulsion alone forced me to become an author." The writings of his early years of exile—"Art and Revolution," "The Art-Work of the Future," and "Opera and Drama"-were a desperate attempt at the purgation of his spirit.

"Opera and Drama" is anything but easy reading now, and to the average musician of the 'fifties it must have been largely unintelligible. A great deal of it would be unintelligible to us even yet had we not Wagner's later operas to elucidate it. We must remember that at that time, though the "Ring" had taken more or less definite shape within him, it was not fully worked out even on the poetical side, while nothing of the music was yet written. It is from the "Ring," of course, that the whole theory of "Opera and Drama" derives—"I should not," he writes to Uhlig, "have discovered the most important conditions for the form of the drama of the future had I not, as artist, lighted quite unconsciously upon them in my 'Siegfried''—and Wagner was therefore in the almost hopeless position of having to make a whole new system of architecture intelligible to the reader before a stone of the actual building had been raised. And his mind at this time was too full of all sorts of ideas, artistic and political, to be absolutely lucid. He repeats himself to infinity; he labors at the obvious till one is inclined to throw the book aside in weariness; he launches out into the widest, most maddening digressions; he blunders his way through the oddest analogies-the chorus in the Italian opera, for example, symbolising, in some curious fashion, the masses under the rule of Metternich. And it is all written in a style that is surely one of the most involved ever perpetrated even by a German. But the purgation was effective. He had become quite clear as to himself and his aims, and his next big theoretical treatise, A Communication to My Friends," is at once less involved in its thinking and more lucid in its style than "Opera and

Mr. Edwin Evans's very free translation has been made with the utmost conscientiousness and with a thorough understanding of Wagner's meaning; and if it does not always tell its own story at a first reading the fault is less his than Wagner's. Mr. Evans has materially helped the student by his epitomes and his grouping of the big work into numbered paragraphs. The ideal edition of "Opera and Drama," however, would be one that boldly discarded the matter that is not particularly interesting or relevant to-day, and that re-phrased the central thesis of each section in a form that no student could fail to understand, the point being at the same time elucidated by reference to the "Ring." For after all, the essential argument of "Opera Ring." and Drama" is simplicity itself when once we have grasped it. Wagner only needed to elaborate some of his points so excessively because the average operatic intelligence of the day was so greatly behind his own. Many of the people he had to deal with required to be instructed in the very ABC of their art. Most German opera-texts and translations gloried in an utter contempt for coincidence of verbal and musical accent. Most singers, apparently, had little or no conception of the dramatic meaning of their part; their business was simply to sing the notes. In one of Wagner's letters to Liszt he tells of a performance of "Tannhäuser" in which the hero, in the second act, addressed his declaration of unholy love for Venus direct to the chaste Elisabeth, although Wagner had been careful to have the full stage directions inserted in each vocal part.

If there is a greater amount of super-fœtation in the book than was customary even with one so prone to overelaboration as Wagner, the explanation is to be found in the simple fact that it was written in 1850-1851. To-day, thanks to Wagner's own work, it is possible for us to disc

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entangle the really seminal propositions of "Opera and Drama" from the verbiage and the metaphors that choke them. So enormously has our perspective altered, indeed, that it is sometimes difficult to see why Wagner should tie himself into such knots over a comparatively simple issue. In the opera of his day, neither the drama nor the music was really dramatic, or at all events not continuously so. When two arts like music and poetry combine, it is evident that each must surrender some of its ordinary privileges. The drama has to condense itself into its bare essentials in order to provide the fullest possible field for the expansive utterance of music; while music must curb its own wayward fancy somewhat if it is to keep always in touch with the sentiments and situations set before it by the poet. That is really all that a great deal of "Opera and Drama" amounts to when put into simple English. Much of it-the treatise upon vowels and consonants, the argument as to the necessity for alliteration, and so on-is interesting historically, but of no practical validity to-day. It has always to be remembered that these theories were deduced from the "Siegfried's Death" that Wagner had in his mind at the He had an enormously wide-reaching saga to compress into a normal stage action. This forced him to a drastic economy of speech. He had to give vitality to every musical phrase, and make it the inevitable counterpart of the verbal phrase. It was necessary, then, that verbal and musical accents should everywhere coincide. Terminal rhyme was impossible in a scheme of this kind; but initial rhyme-Stabreim-was not only possible, but grew out of and harmonised with the peculiarly firm-indeed, at times almost stiff-rhythmic structure that was characteristic of Wagner. As usual with him, he thought that the system that most appealed to him at the moment was a system preordained for all men from the beginning of time. But in after years he departed widely from the principles of "Opera and Drama." He reverted to rhyme in the "Meistersinger, while in "Parsifal" he mostly discards both rhyme and alliteration. The verse-structure of "Parsifal," indeed, is very free; it is obviously conditioned by the music, instead of conditioning this, according to the principles laid down in "Opera and Drama." But though there is much in the book that bears less upon æsthetics in general than upon the mesthetics of Wagner at a particular epoch of his career, there is a good deal also that lets us into his inmost secrets as a composer. His conception of harmony and of melody, of the function of the orchestra in opera, his views of Beethoven and of his own relation to the great symphonistall this still comes to us hot from the forge. It is quite true that we cannot understand "Opera and Drama" until we know the music dramas of Wagner. It is equally indisputable that we cannot fully understand the music dramas until we have mastered "Opera and Drama."

#### THREE NOVEL WRITERS.

"The Devil's Garden." By W. B. MAXWELL. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

"The Way of Ambition." By ROBERT HICHENS. (Methuen.

"Valentine." By Grant Richards. (Richards. 6s.)
Was ever such a goose as our library system, though goose (pleasant, pompous bird!) is hardly the word. Something more mischievous, more contemptible, more sublime, is required to illustrate appropriately the authority which rules and misuses a monopoly. Its latest stroke has been an endeavor to ban Mr. Maxwell's novel, "The Devil's Garden." Fortunately, it has recoiled. "The Devil's Garden" is not a bad or an indecent book, as are many of the novels which the average library purchases and lends to whomsoever may apply. Its effect, on the contrary, is moral; for, without emphasising the nastiness, by making it lurid and attractive to the morbid, it is a sermon on vice, not an "appreciation" of it. Mr. Maxwell, in his proper aim to realise completeness, has indeed rather over-filled his canvas. It was necessary for him to paint with detail the character of the postmaster, William Dale; but there are incidents which overcrowd, such as the trip to Rodhaven. The particular study of the principal person of the tale has tended to cast the other characters into the shade; and that

is a pity, for many of them are worthy of fuller attention. The theme is as simple as life and death. Dale's lovely wife had been the unwilling mistress of an ex-Cabinet Minister, whose influence, purchased at a price, was exploited to save her husband from a professional set-back. Through this Dale came to discover the relations of Mavis with Barradine. The elderly roue was found dead, evidently thrown from his horse, by Kibworth Rocks. The story shows the working-out, along new lines, of the penitence and redemption of the slayer. The climax is admirable. The character of Dale is finely realised; and very truthfully is shown the growth in his personality of the same seeds of evil, for the fruit of which he had slain the seducer. At the same time, it is rather a pity that Mr. Maxwell should illustrate Dale's fundamental human weakness through the influence of Norah Veale. It is unlikely that so young a girl as she would have wrought this havoc on that grey and established man. As it is, the effect of Norah's intrusion is not entirely convincing. "The Devil's Garden" is a fine, strong piece of work, far above the average in quality and true morality of the fiction of these days; and to think that this book should have been selected by Pipsqueak for his tinwhistle effort of damnation!

#### II.

Mr. Hichens also has built his book with an infinite care. This process gives to the earlier chapters an aspect of flatness; but as the book progresses, the quality of the detail tells, and the culminating effect is brilliant. The moral of "The Way of Ambition" might well have more regard paid to it in all the walks of art. Claude Heath is a musician whose powers best realise fullness in solitude. The praise of the world would be harmful to his genius; intuition tells him so; and he is content to live out of the race and the ruck, going to the Scriptures for his motives and inspiration. Then, on an evening, when the Fates at the weaving of his destiny must have been in ironic mood, he attended the first night of Jacques Sennier's great opera, "Le Paradis Terrestre," and was seized with the desire for Unfortunately, or fortunately, there was a woman prepared and waiting to fan that desire. Heath that night wrote an impulsive letter. Within a short time he was married to Charmian, and away, studying and composing, in quest of the vulgar beast. He set himself ambitiously to write an opera. He would pluck such laurels as Sennier was wearing, and Charmian, with wifely ardor, urged him along the wrong road. He had been fortunate enough to obtain a libretto so extraordinarily good covered it. He worked, and Charmian waited. There were ambition began to tarnish the soul of this artist. Patiently Mr. Hichens weaves his intricate web. Heath gets in touch with an impresario. What is the end to be? A victory over himself, or a victory in spite of himself? Mr. Hichens realises the proper ending; and although the conclusion is, in some of its parts, perhaps purposely vague, it is clear enough in the essentials. The fault of the book is rather in its humanity than in anything else. Its people win the attention of the intellect; but not one of them touches the heart. It is impossible to feel concern in the personal wellbeing of Claude or Charmian or Alston Lake, who is a true man, or in any of them; certainly not in Susan Fleet, whose mission in life seems to be to act as a warm blanket to the fashionable, or in Mrs. Shiffney, an arch-naughtiness with a policy of mischief, whose charm and influence over Heath it is difficult to apprehend. "The Way of Ambition" is, anyhow, a leading novel of the season; and for its careful detail culminating to a point, and its true and varied atmosphere—of the music-world in London and New York, and of Mr. Hichens's favorite Africa-it deserves a wide reading.

#### III.

Mr. Grant Richards is a clever writer who has yet to learn how to tell a story. The interest of "Valentine" is far too episodical and jerky. Some day, when Mr. Richards has passed beyond his youthful raptures and takes his readers seriously; when he has learnt that the long details of dining are apt to be dull to the ordinary; when the women of his invention are something more than toilet-table accessories—powder-puffs with extravagance and palates—he will probably do better than either "Valentine" or "Caviare." Meanwhile, we must take his offerings, and be

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as grateful as average work can make us. Valentine is a gilded youth: he does not wear a black-rimmed monocle as did the Honorable Charles, but is as like to that idle child as one green pea to another. Valentine is rather the better of the two youths, for he professes to be anxious to work, and it is only the conceited blindness of his father, the architect, which keeps him idle. Perhaps, however, that father was, after all, not so blind, and knew his son better than does Mr. Richards. Valentine lives laboriously a foolish life, knows everybody who does not matter, eats more than is good for him, and is a syringe for the shedding of the author's omniscience. It is easy to imagine Valentine sitting at Mr. Richards's feet, and saying, as the burlesque had it, "Oh, Mr. Holmes, what a wonderful man you are!" The book has many bright and exciting moments: the aeroplane race to Paris, the scene in the bookmaker's room when the tape-machine goes wrong, the supposed discovery of the architect's miscalculation, and other episodes, well enough written to prove that Mr. Richards could do good work if he cared. He must, however, humanise his puppets; at present they are too like fashion-plates cursed with organs of digestion.

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Japanese 41 p.c. (1st ser.)			92		92	
Turkish Unified	***	***	88		864xd	

ALTHOUGH the Board of Trade returns for August showed some falling off in the volume of our foreign commerce, compared with last August, the reduction is not of very serious account; for the returns of last August were abnormally large, because they represented a recovery from strike conditions. But some prophets, seeing the increasing unemployment in Germany and the distress in the Balkans, are disposed to sound a note of pessimism, and to predict a winter of slack work and discontent. The textile trade of the West Riding is certainly less active, and shipbuilders are beginning to work off their orders. On the other hand, India is looking forward to record crops, and the American tariff, the lowest since 1863, is expected to become law next week. The condition of the Money Market is rather less favorable than last week, owing to large withdrawals of gold, and to reports of probable exports to the United States, Brazil, India, and various European countries. Hence, discount rates have been rising, and the possibility of a severe stringency later on must not be excluded from commercial calculations. The Stock Markets have been moderately cheerful. President Huerta is reported to be gradually pacifying the greater part of Mexico; the news from China is rather more satisfactory, and the Paris bankers are reported to have the French investors so well in hand that they will be able to finance the Balkan States and Turkey without much difficulty. This transference of risks from the banks to the community at large is welcome, at any rate, in other centres; for anything like real trouble in Paris might have produced alarming consequences elsewhere.

#### INSURANCE SHARES.

One of the few sections of the Stock Exchange to show firmness lately is the Insurance Share Market. Before the San Francisco disaster, the shares of the leading companies were held by the ordinary investor to a considerable extent; but at that time many were thrown upon the market and picked up by officials and clerks of the companies themselves, who knew, after the first week or so, that the companies would emerge without serious damage. Reserve funds were depleted, it is true, but they have now been built up again; dividends show a tendency to increase

steadily, and investors are beginning to include the shares, to some extent, in the lists of their holdings. The uncalled liability, of course, constitutes a disadvantage, and many people will have nothing to do with them on this account. In the case of a company transacting life business solely, the liability can be safely neglected, provided the company is an old and well-established concern. Fire companies are the most open to unexpected drains on their resources; but the experience of San Francisco was taken to heart, and as they came through with only one-a comparatively young office-having to make a call on its shares, it is safe to say that it would be a catastrophe indeed which would deplete the resources of any of the older concerns. The newer branches—employers' liability, burglary, &c.—are not liable to extraordinary claims like those from a general conflagration; but compensation business at present is a drain on the profits of many of the companies transacting it. Below is a list of the shares of a few leading com-

Panics.											
				1913	1913. Present				Yield.		
	Share.	Paid.	Div. H	lighest. 1	Lowest.	Price.	£	8.	d.		
Alliance	£20	£2 4s.	12s.	12 7-16	113	113	5	2	3		
Do. New	£1	£1	128.	147	12%	13}	4	10	6		
Atlas	£10	£1 4s.	7s. 6d.	7 19-32	67-32	71	5	0	0		
Com. Union	£10	£1	90%	25%	203	251	3	10	9		
L'pool., Lon., &											
Globe	£10	£1	110%	24	22	231	4	13	9		
North Brit. &											
Merc	£25	£6 5s.	40s.	401	381	39	5	2	6		
Phœnix	£10	£1	371%	72	7	78	5	0	9		
Prudential	£1	£1	59%	13	111	12	4	18	0		
Sun	£10	£2	78.	15	13	14	5	0	0		

The difference between the first two columns shows the liability. The Alliance has some fully paid shares entitled to the same dividend, and the difference in the yield affords an indication that the liability is not regarded too lightly. Yields look rather low considering the liability, but this is a market of rising dividends. In the Insurance Market itself, competition is very keen between the big concerns, but they scrutinise their business carefully. Any new concern coming in can easily pile up a big premium income by taking the business which the others decline; but the inevitable end is seldom long in arriving. Investors should never allow themselves to be induced to take up shares in a new insurance company.

## REDEEMABLE STOCKS AND BONDS.

A correspondent has written me with regard to the question of redemption mentioned in my note on Japanese Bonds last week. He says: "Supposing one bought, say, the 4½ per cent. Loan at 92, and it was 'renewed' instead of being redeemed. How would this affect the yield? Would the security be bought in at par or simply re-issued, and the market price remain practically unchanged?" correspondent does not seem to have grasped the full significance of the provision of a definite date of redemption. Hence his query. When a stock is stated to be redeemable on a certain date, the holder has the right to claim repayment of the principal, no matter what the price was when he purchased the loan. If it does not happen to be convenient to the borrower to repay the loan in cash, he must renew it by offering the holders a sufficiently attractive bargain to induce them to re-lend the principal. A good example, as it happened, occurred last week in the case of the Victorian Loan of £2,000,000. The Government has a loan of £1,925,000 maturing next month, but they do not find it convenient to pay. The only alternative is to raise a fresh convenient to pay. The only alternative is to raise a fresh loan, which they offer, ostensibly to the general public, at 98. But they make it at least as attractive to the holders of the maturing loan by offering to pay them £2 cash plus the difference in interest if they will take the new loan in exchange. They are the people most likely to take the loan; for though they can, if they wish, insist on repayment at par, they would, presumably, have to find a fresh investment. Thus the holders of a maturing loan can always take the whole of their principal in cash if they wish; but they are generally offered some inducement to re-lend their money on fresh terms, which form the measure of the borrower's credit at the time. If it has declined, they have to be offered a higher rate of interest; if it has risen, they may prefer to take the cash and invest it elsewhere.

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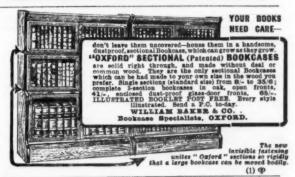


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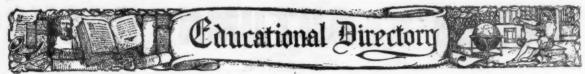
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